NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875. | VOLUME XXII.—No. 48. Price Ten Cents.

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

One of these days, when our ship comes in,
Bearing its glorious argosy
Of happiness for you and me,
And anchors where no storms begin,
Our anxious hearts shall be at rest,
My little one, my sweet and best.

We have waited so long on the shore,
Where stormy billows ceaseless rolled—
For every where a story told
Of ventures lost in the days before—
With saddened hearts we saw each sail
Adown the dim horizon pale.

But God will be good to you and me,
If we but only trust in Him.
Let not your eyes with tears grow dim—
Our wandering ship from over the sea
Shall refuge find from every blast,
And we be happy, love, at last.

ERIE TEMPLETON.

A STORY OF MYSTERY AND PASSIONATE LOVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,
AUTHOR OF "A LAST LIFE," "BERTHA," "GILDED MISERY," "THE TANGLED WEB," "LOVE IN A MIST," ETC.

CHAPTER X.
CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Never was there such a meeting as that of the mother and daughter-in-law—certainly never under like circumstances. But she stilled her screams, forced herself to appear calm (though trembling in every fibre), and initiated the conversation with abuse.

"So," she hissed, "this is the kind of company you keep when you are shut up here for hours—snakes, and spiders, and reptiles, and worms, and poisons and skeletons!"

"And if I do," replied Erie, also struggling to keep her temper within bounds, and with it the mastery of the situation, "they are, at least, preferable to you!"

"I presume you are familiar with the secrets of this charnel-house?" ignoring her stinging words.

"Perfectly, and presume you must be, from the time you have been investigating—stealing during my absence."

"And know the mechanism of this horrid thing?"

"It would be strange if I did not."

"Then release me instantly."

"Had you given the slightest respect to my often expressed wishes, you would not be a prisoner."

"Insolent! release me at once."

"I am not given to interfering between company; you sought this, and I hope you enjoy it very much."

"I command you!" and she stamped with rage.

"You have 'commanded' about as much as you ever will do in this house, madam," and she coolly seated herself and took up the book from the table.

"Erie, I can—O Marvin!" (to her son, who had been brought thither by her screams), "I implore you to make your wife release me."

"He make!" retorted Erie contemptuously.

"My son, get an axe, anything, and break this horrible thing to pieces."

"Let him do it, if he dare!" hissed Erie, and, turning to the servants, she ordered them from the room, closed the door, and resumed her seat.

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Leavett, "will no one release me? I shall go mad—lose my wits."

"It would not be much of a loss if you did!" and Erie smiled, scornful, yet triumphant.

The feline portion of her nature was enjoying itself to the utmost. And this would have gone on for hours had not the husband come to the rescue of his mother.

"Erie," he said, "this is carrying the thing too far. The indiscretion has already been sufficiently punished."

"You call it by a very soft name, sir."

"I ask you as a favor to release her."

"She is not in the slightest danger. They are nothing but harmless bones."

"Harmless bones!" screamed the victim. "Good heavens, how the girl talks!"

"It matters not, Erie," continued her husband, "in what sight you may look upon them. To her they are a terror. The lesson has been a severe one, and I do not believe there is any danger of its being continued."

"I trust not, and the next indiscretion might be fatal. There are other secrets here it is well she did not tamper with."

"Will you not release her, Erie?"

"I see no use in keeping her prisoner, as you would be certain to remain as company. Were she alone, I would leave her in that loving embrace until the morrow."

"Horror!" screamed Mrs. Leavett. "All night alone with a skeleton! I should die."

"Your presumptuous curiosity may yet lead to such a result, and when you least expect it."

Erie stepped to the side of the closet, gave a gentle pull upon a cord, and the bony monster unclasped its fleshless fingers, drew back into its hiding-place, and, as the platform was released from weight, the door slid into its place and shut it from sight.

"God be thanked!" breathed Mrs. Leavett, and, motioning to her son, retreated to her own room. "Oh, dear!" she continued, as soon as safe from listeners, "why will you let your wife keep such horrible things in the house?"

"They were her father's, and certainly will not come to you."

"I was simply doing my duty."

"Well." He did not care to dispute her.

"And, I found everything that was monstrous."

"Hush!"

A rap disturbed them, and Erie entered and took a seat, without a sign of anger about her.

"I regret that this affair should have taken place, even though your mother brought it upon herself," she said. "But everything she saw was harmless."

"I told her so," replied the husband, greatly pleased.

"They were placed there by my father, and have not been disturbed."

"That, also, I explained."

"I know that Mrs. Leavett—that the great majority of women are foolishly superstitious."

"I confess to as much myself."

"It was for this reason that I wished to keep your mother from the rooms. Now, if you will go with me I will show you their entire contents."

"Thank you. I have no taste that way."

"Then I shall have to visit them as before—alone." Despite his assumed indifference, he was sorely troubled. It was not a pleasant thought for a husband that his wife should be handling mouldering bones. It was too monstrous for belief that one so young and beautiful could do so, and he asked:

"Why do you touch them, Erie?"

"I have not done so for months."

"Thank Heaven for that. Will you not permit me to have them removed and buried?"

"They have never been in the way of anyone—will not be except they enter where no one has any business except myself."

That was a direct shot at her mother-in-law. She felt it, had remained silent for a greater length of time than was usual, and answered—she also veiling the claws in the velvet:

"I cannot think, my dear, what possible objection you can have to acceding to the wishes of my son."

"Probably, madam, you do not know the value of the collection," and Erie grew hard again, though keeping her tongue under perfect control.

"They cannot be of much to you."

"I do not know at what moment I might need them."

"And the poisons?" she asked, glancing up sharply.

"Even the poisons. They are useful for a thousand things beside the taking of human life."

"I know of none."

"From the lack of knowledge."

"Well, I suppose you can keep them without any danger of injury. (Though she mentally resolved to dump them out of doors at the first opportunity.) But the horrid bones and bottled serpents, and all the other monstrosities?"

"They could not be replaced."

"But their use?"

"As curiosities in natural history."

"They are frightful things, and I wish you would consent to their being disposed of in some manner."

"Especially the skeleton," said Erie with a smile.

"Yes, that of all things."

"I would sacrifice all else. It was the work of my father's own hands, and has been deemed a masterpiece of art."

"Disgusting! Either that horrid thing must go out of the house, or I will. I'll not submit to it any longer."

She had forgotten her caution for the moment—would have given worlds for the power to recall the words. It was truly bearding the lioness in her den, and for a moment the eyes of Erie flashed their hidden and dangerous fires—her face flushed as if the blood would burst through the clear skin, and a line of white was to be traced about her mouth. But she restrained her anger by an almost superhuman effort, and replied:

"I should regret to have you leave, madam, both on your son's account and the scandal it would occasion."

"But to think of the horrid thing."

"It certainly keeps hidden."

"And its once having nearly clasped me in its arms."

"It will not happen again."

"Yet it is in the house."

"In a portion entirely separated from the rest."

"No matter. I think the least you could do for your husband and his mother would be to permit of its removal."

"I will think of it."

"My daughter, how much I thank you!" said her mother-in-law, taking the hand of Erie and pressing it warmly.

She knew she had gone a great length in threatening to leave the house—trembled when she reflected that Erie might have taken her at her word—and was glad to patch up a peace at any price.

CHAPTER XI.
A DISCOVERY.

"What in the name of common sense has come over Erie?" said Dr. Parsons to his wife a few days subsequently to the episode of the laboratory.

"Why?" was quietly asked, for the good lady was accustomed to the excited moods of her husband.

"One would think she and her mother-in-law had fallen in love, and wanted to eat each other up, they are so affectionate."

"I thought they did not agree."

"Neither did they—acted more like cats and dogs than anything else, until very lately. I can't understand it at all. You remember the day when Erie tore away from here in such a terrible passion?"

"Certainly."

"She acted more like a wild cat than a sensible woman—like to have broken both our necks through whipping my poor old horse. Gracious, but wasn't he astonished!"

"And she was angry at her mother-in-law?"

"Yes; for going into the rooms where her father had stored all kinds of trash. I wish Erie would burn it all up, though I don't fancy the old woman at all. She's a termigant, hectoring, avaricious, meddlesome old body, and yet she is right—it being heathenish for a girl to sit for hours amid such a collection."

"And yet you assisted in the gathering, husband."

"Yes, yes, a little. But had I known he was going to educate Erie in the manner he has I would have burned off my fingers first."

"It cannot be remedied now. You did what you thought right, husband, and we must both do our best to counteract, as far as possible, the evil that has been done."

"Of course I did, and it's a shame to have it turn out so badly."

"But about the change in Erie? Tell me, if you please."

"I would gladly—if I could. But it's a thing I can't explain. All I can say is that they appear as loving as two turtle-doves. But there is always a calm before a storm. As I live, there comes Erie now. I wonder what has sent her here at this time in the morning."

"No matter. Go and help her from her pony."

The old man lifted Erie down, welcomed her with as much affection as he would have done a daughter, bade her go into the house and make herself comfortable for the remainder of the day.

And he succeeded in keeping her far better than he expected at last. It was almost evening before she spoke of returning home. She was far more gay—more affectionate than ever before—told many of her little sorrows and trials, and spoke in the mildest terms of her mother-in-law.

"It was better," she said, "that we should live in something like peace, and madam, I think, understands it at last. I have some rights in the house. You remember the day I found her in the laboratory?"

"Yes; but everything is settled now?"

"I think so."

"I am very glad for your sake, my dear child, and hope it may so remain."

"Unless madam breaks the truce and attempts to rule with a high hand."

"That is," said the old doctor with a laugh, "upon the schoolboy principle, 'You let me alone and I'll let you alone.' However, let's drop the shop. There is no use in parading the skeleton, even if there is one in the house."

So pleasantly was that day passed as to be long remembered. It soothed the spirits of the young wife, and, when she rode home, it was in a tranquil frame of mind. So much was this the case that she dreaded to again meet her mother-in-law.

In this frame of mind, so conducive to better and purer thoughts than those to which she was accustomed, she turned from the beaten road into a bridle-path and rode slowly until she came in sight of that portion of the house in which the museum and laboratory were situated. Then her whip descended heavily upon the neck of her pony and she forced him forward at the most headlong and desperate speed, checked him suddenly, sprang from the saddle and ascended the stairs. The servants shrank from before her—knew she was desperate, and dared not meet the fiery flashing of her eyes.

In an instant she stood in the (to her) sacred apartments—stood almost petrified! they had been entirely cleaned out! All the bones of the dead—all the specimens of insect and reptile life—all the retorts and crucibles—all the bottles and jars, had been removed. There was nothing remaining but books and empty boxes and dust and ashes.

To paint the astonishment and rage of Erie would be beyond the power of words. She stood dumb, confounded, with all the evil of her nature madly boiling and surging as the waves of the bottomless pit. Like the tigress whose eyes she had stolen, she was lashing herself into a still wilder tempest, and would soon bound forward in search of her prey and vengeance!

But at length she became somewhat more calm, seated herself among the ruins, rested her head upon her hands, choked down her indignation, and endeavored to think coherently.

"Who could have done this thing?"

Not Doctor Parsons—not the servants—they would not have dared. Her husband? Her eyes burned like living coals at the thought, and her breath came hot and fast. Would he dare? He had once proposed such a thing. She would soon know.

With wonderful self-command she banished the frown and crimson flashes of passion from her face, subdued her violent manner, descended to her chamber, and changed her dress. Then, in the most casual manner, she remarked to her nurse:

"I see somebody has done me the kindness to remove the musty trash from upstairs."

"Indeed, I should not have thought that you would have permitted it, Miss Erie," she replied, still clinging to the familiar name of other days.

"How could I prevent it when I was absent? By whose orders was it done?"

"I don't know."

"Your master, I presume."

"I have no master. Alas! he's dead."

"I mean Mr. Leavett."

"Very likely, Miss Erie. His mother can make him do anything."

"Where is he?"

"I heard one of the women say he was painting, and not to be disturbed."

The first impulse of Erie was to go to her husband and demand by what right he had removed the things. But she refrained. She had not yet sufficient control over herself to talk to him in the manner she wished. She shut out the little of light that remained, flung herself upon a couch, and remained for an hour in an attitude of repose. Her nurse brought her a cup of tea, and, refreshed by it, she walked to the room occupied by her husband, knocked, and waited permission to enter.

"Erie!" he exclaimed, starting up. "You were not at supper. Are you ill?"

"You did not expect to see me?"

"I did not. Tell me of your health."

"I am well, and came to thank you for your interest in my welfare."

"You speak in riddles."

"Will you have the goodness to tell me what disposition you have made of my things?"

"What things?" he asked, evidently not understanding to what she alluded.

"Those taken from the laboratory."

"I have taken nothing from there."

"Ah?"

"I certainly have not. What is missing?"

"No matter. Thank you."

She crossed herself and went directly to the room of her mother-in-law, knocked and entered.

"Take a chair, my dear. You are looking very well. Your ride has agreed with you."

"Perhaps."

"I trust you will often take one. There is nothing to keep you in the house, my child."

"Not when you are so kind as to even take charge of the removal of the things from the laboratory, madam."

"Ah! So you have noticed it already. I thought you had forgotten your promise, and, wishing to save you any possible regrets, I took advantage of your absence to have the rooms cleared out."

"You were very considerate, madam."

"I am pleased that you give me credit for being so."

"Will you add to your kindness by telling me what disposition you have made of the things?"

"Certainly. The bones—those of human beings, I mean—were boxed and decently interred in the outskirts of the graveyard. The rest, with the stuffed skins of beasts and reptiles, were thrown into a hole I had dug for the purpose at some distance."

"How very thoughtful!"

"I flatter myself that I never do things by halves."

"What became of the skeleton that caused you so great a fright?"

"We were obliged to break it to pieces before we could get it into a box. I would have sent for a coffin, but feared it would be talked about."

Erie bit her lip until the blood showed plainly through the skin. The pain enabled her to keep sufficient control to ask again:

"And the bottles and jars?"

"Thrown into the hole with the reptiles."

"You did your work thoroughly."

"Yes, in the best manner, and I am glad that it meets with the approbation of my daughter."

"Fool!" almost burst from the lips of Erie, and the struggle was a fierce one to keep down the tempest rising within her. "I suppose you had the advice and assistance of your son?"

"No, and I do not think he even yet knows anything about it. I did not think of consulting him."

"Any more than me?"

"Certainly not."

"Did you consign all—everything—to the hole in the ground?"

"Except a few geological specimens."

"Because your dutiful son had an interest in them?"

"That influenced me."

"Permit me to ask one question more. What do you intend to do with the apartments, madam, when you have finished your improvements?"

"I shall have them fitted up as a studio for my son."

"Indeed!"

"He intends to paint a full-length portrait of me."

"Ah!"

It seemed impossible that Mrs. Leavett should not have noticed the mocking expression she gave to the word, the lightning flash of the eyes. But she did not. Neither did she hear the hissing words of Erie as she was leaving the room:

"*He* paint your picture full length? Unless it is done quickly, he may find the original already framed in a coffin!"

CHAPTER XII.
A MYSTERY.

For a couple of weeks Mrs. Leavett continued engrossed with her improvements, and indulged in private glorification at her success. But she would not have been quite so tranquil had she known that all the obnoxious things had been carefully exhumed, placed in another apartment and restored, as much as possible, to their original condition.

Yet, happy as madam was, her health did not appear to be so good as formerly. She grew weak and pale day by day, and in her heart attributed it to some malign mesmeric influence or drug secretly administered by Erie—though how the latter could have been accomplished was more than she could determine, the servants being her own creatures. She mentioned the subject to her son, and he almost laughed in her face.

"You must be insane," he said. "What possible reason could Erie have for doing you an injury?"

"It is hard to tell."

"I should think it was. But what in the name of Heaven do you think she is trying to do?"

"Kill me by slow poison!"

"Do you seriously think Erie would be guilty of such a thing? It is preposterous."

"I don't know what to think."

"Then send for the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Parsons, of course."

"And no 'of course' in the matter, and do not want him."

"I know of no reason of your dislike."

"He is a friend of Erie and may be in league with her to poison me."

The son looked at the mother, as if he believed her already mad. He would as soon have thought of questioning the integrity of his own father, had he been living, as that of the white-haired man who was going down full of honors to the grave. He argued the question at length with his mother, and at last succeeding in gaining her consent to have the doctor visit her—both wisely keeping the subject of their conversation to themselves.

"You need not have sent for me," he said (after a brief examination), "to have ascertained what was the matter, though you would, most probably, to have worked a cure. There ought to be a dozen around the house that could explain it equally well with myself. I know Erie could. Couldn't you, my child?"

"Without doubt," replied the young wife, who had entered with him.

"And," he continued to Leavett, "I should have said from your peculiar associations that you would have instantly detected the cause."

"My mother thinks she may possibly have been poisoned."

"So she has—there is not the least doubt of it."

"My God! I told you so," exclaimed the alarmed woman.

He stepped into the next room and awoke the slumbering woman. She rubbed her eyes for a moment, answered his questions incoherently, and then, conscious that she had been derelict in her duty, hastened to the bed. But she instantly fell to the floor, screaming:

"O God! my poor mistress."

"What is the matter?" asked Leavett in alarm.

"She is dead, dead!"

"Great Heaven!" he gasped. "It cannot be true. Erie, please go and see."

He looked at his wife and saw that her face was entirely colorless—that her teeth were set—her breath drawn hard—her hands clutching convulsively at her dress, and her bosom heaving as one laboring under and trying to control intense excitement. But the moment she saw that he was watching her she became more calm, stepped forward, and, after looking for an instant, replied with something of her usual bitterness:

"The words of the woman are correct, and if your mother's faith was a true one she is now happy and an angel."

"You cannot mean that she is ——"

"Dead!" And Erie threw herself upon a lounge, and buried her face in the cushions.

"Dead!" he repeated, staggering back as one who had received a heavy blow. "Dead! O my God!" and he sank into a chair, entirely overcome by his sudden bereavement.

The effect upon all was terrible. There was not one who appeared competent to think or act, and they might have remained so for hours, had not the old physician entered unbidden. He had been unexpectedly called to visit a patient, and stopped upon his return homeward, though not from any sense of duty.

"Well," he said, rubbing his hands, 'how is our patient now? Gracious! what is the matter with you all? Erie, my child, explain. Is the poor woman worse?"

"You have come too late, Doctor," she replied in a hoarse voice, but without raising her head.

"What do you mean by that?" he replied sharply.

"She is dead!"

"Are you all mad?"

He stepped to the bedside, made a hasty examination, and then gave utterance to his thoughts.

"It is indeed too late. She will never awaken again in this world—has gone to her reward. It was sudden, very sudden. Tell me about it, Erie."

"She was found dead. I—I cannot tell more. My husband—the nurse—know as much as I do."

The physician turned again from the living to the dead. There could not be a shadow of doubt about it, though the flesh was still warm. He examined her closely, but could detect nothing upon which to found a diagnosis—nothing upon which to base an opinion. It might have been disease of the heart. Such a sudden "taking off" had before occurred in his practice, but there had been no symptoms tending to that end, and he retired sorely puzzled, after having had some of the servants summoned and given directions to the nurse about laying out the corpse.

In another room he questioned Erie and her husband more closely, but without gaining any further information. She repeated her first statement—said that the nurse had found Mrs. Leavett dead—that was all could be told.

"Would you have any objection to a post-mortem?" he asked of the son, who was seated with his head bowed upon his hands, overcome with grief.

"I do not know," he replied falteringly. "It is an unpleasant thought. But if you think it absolutely necessary, I must not be too selfish in my sorrow."

"There is something very mysterious about her death. So much so that after forty years of practice I should hardly be able to give a certificate as to the cause. If you please, I will summon others of the profession and make the necessary examination to-morrow morning."

"Well, I suppose it will be best," replied Leavett, the thought of the conversation he had had with his dead mother flashing upon him, as he glanced at his wife.

She had entirely recovered her tranquillity—was standing near the piano, with her fingers listlessly touching the keys, though her face remained ashen and the lashes drooped upon her cheeks.

"Will you go to the city?" she asked of the Doctor in the most commonplace manner.

"Yes; I wish to secure the services of a friend."

"May I ask his name?"

"Doctor Markman. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Often. May I go with you? I wish to purchase some mourning."

"Certainly."

With the matter settled, Doctor Parsons hastened home, but not to sleep. He related the particulars of what had happened to his wife, then sat down in his office, and the morning light found him still engaged in study.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE, M. D.

I'm sitting by the window, now
In solitude and gloom,
And twilight shadows hover near
And creep around the room;
And while I in the distance gaze
My thoughts are far away—
I'm thinking of the long-ago,
While fades the light of day.

I'm thinking of a pair of eyes
Of Heaven's own deepest blue,
Of lips like two bright corals red
O'er pearls of purest hue;
I see the sunny, joyous smile,
I hear the liquid voice,
That used to speak to me of love,
And bid my heart rejoice.

Alas! the cold sod covers now
That pretty, girlish face—
That form is mouldering in the dust,
That form of witching grace;
The spirit is above the skies,
With angels pure, I ween,
And I am left alone, on earth,
To weep, and pray, and dream.

THE LOOSED TIGER:

A STORY OF

Traveling Menagerie Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

"Out of the trapeze biz, Charley?"

"Yes. I've grown too heavy for that. I'm 'Lion King' now."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, it pays, and I've got the best kind of a keeper;" and Charley Buckley indicated the man by a twirl of his hand.

"Where in the name of conscience did you get that great brute from, Charley?"

"Picked him up nearly starving in a canebrake up the river. He is a runaway slave, I reckon, is strong as a horse, patient as a mule, does all kind of work without grumbling, and I don't believe has any feelings without they may be bodily ones," and he glanced contemptuously at the form of a negro who was stretched at full length beneath one of the cages, and apparently sound asleep.

"Don't make so certain of his being so dumb as you imagine. I have lived too many years in the South not to know better. It is true, some of them will bear a great amount of abuse, but once get them fairly aroused and there is no more passionate or revengeful race on the earth. And that would be the last man I should like to trust."

"He's very powerful. When he chooses to exert himself, is stronger than any half-a-dozen men in the concern. He makes no more of lifting the cages than the elephant."

"I never saw such a head and neck."

"Like a great buffalo bull?" was the laughing suggestion.

"You are right, and puts me very much in mind of one with the great crop of wool growing so low down upon the forehead, the heavy brows and—but there I must stop. The mouth denies the likeness."

"Oh, that is like an alligator, and armed about as well. Such tusks of teeth you never saw. He can raise as much with them as an ordinary man with his hands."

"And bite as fearfully as an alligator!"

"You would judge so if you saw him eat! I'd bet on him against the hyena. But he is stirring, getting up, and you can have a better look at him."

"A Hercules!"

"That's what the boys named him, and he has adopted it. Come here, Her," and Charley Buckley whistled to him as if a dog.

The negro stretched himself, yawned, stared for a moment and then came slowly forward. He was in every respect a giant—could easily look over the head of the tallest man in the company, and was more than double their weight. The breadth of shoulders and depth of chest was enormous—so was the circumference of the bundle of muscles above the elbow. His head was uncommonly large, and the neck like that of an ox. His hands and feet were large, as were the mouth and teeth, while the eyes were small and the iris naturally bloodshot, giving him a ferocious appearance. But this character was denied by the almost constant smile upon the thick lips and the hearty laughter, and it was evident, at the most casual glance, that unless something very far out of the common aroused him he would serve with brute-like affection and fidelity.

"What a splendid cannon-ball performer he would make," said the friend of Buckley as he looked with a professional eye at the negro.

"Yes! and I think I must train him this Winter to something of the kind. Haven't time now, but if next season you see 'The African Hercules' on the bills you will know who the man is. One thing is certain" (with a laugh), "there would be no danger of a cannon ball crushing his skull, even if it struck fairly upon it."

"Te tick fur dat, massa!" and the negro joined heartily in the laughter, displaying an amount of ivory unprecedented in man, and with a noise that made the animals raise from their mid-day nap. And, as if to give a touch of his quality, he picked up one of the iron rods used in controlling the animals and bent it between his fingers as easily as if it had been willow.

"Take care and not make that Samson angry with you," was the injunction of his friend as they were about to separate. "I had as soon fight the whole cage of performing animals, with the hyenas thrown [illegible]."

"Have no fear. Give him plenty to eat, plenty of tobacco, and now and then a drink of whiskey, and he is perfectly contented. I wish I was one-half as easily satisfied."

"Better leave the whiskey out entirely. When such a man loses control of himself on account of it the sequel is terrible."

It was a good caution, but Buckley had his own ideas of the fitness of things, and did not take advice kindly from anyone. Besides, he believed the negro so bound to him that nothing could disturb his affection; and, even more, he fancied he could rule him, as he did the lion and tiger, when in sullen moods, with an actual rod of iron.

And, like many men of his class (thank Heaven, more in the past than the present), he was at times overfond of his cups, and indulged in them more deeply than was safe to a man engaged in such a dangerous calling; and, when under their influence, he was apt to be overbearing, careless, and to desperately take chances that at another time he would have shuddered even when thinking about.

"Dars de debbil to pay in de big cage," said the negro, coming to him one afternoon just after the close of the performance, and when the "Lion King" was refreshing himself in a manner that threatened to put a sudden end to sobriety.

"Then why the devil don't you quell the disturbance without bothering me?" was the growled-out answer.

"De brack tiger, massa, am ——"

"Isn't half as black or ugly as you are! Go along," and as the negro insisted upon his coming, he snatched up a whip that laid upon the table and struck him a stinging blow over the face.

"Don't do dat. It hurts, massa."

"Glad of it. I'll teach you to come molesting me," and the blow was repeated again and again.

It seemed as if a volcano was confined within the huge breast of the sable giant, and struggling to find an outlet. The iris of his eyes became more bloody, and his teeth were ground together, champed as those of a wild boar, until the foam fairly hung upon his thick lips. For an instant it appeared as if he would spring upon his insulter and rend him as a furious beast might have done. But he sullenly turned away without a word, and again sought the canvas, where some unusual disturbance was going on among the animals. To that, however, he gave no heed. He simply crawled beneath one of the cages—that of the black tiger—and remained motionless, though growling savagely to himself.

"Massa Buckley better not strike me ag'in, dat's all. He's drunk now, so I forgib him. But he musn't do it any moe. Gess he don't know I kill my ole massa fur jess sich a ting befoe. I took to the canebrake. Gor' Amighty! I strangle him jess as easy as I could a lettle pickaninny. No; he better not do dat any moe."

There seemed to be something of satisfaction the thought of his power to revenge, and soon his grumbling ceased and the ominous scowl disappeared from his face, and his eyes lost something of their strange crimson coloring. And well would it have been if permitted to rest undisturbed until the volcano of passion had entirely smouldered away.

But it was not so. Half-crazed with drink, the "Lion King" came staggering into the arena, having been compelled so to do by the report of others as to the state of affairs. He glanced at the cages, then at the recumbent negro, and something in the former awakened his wrath, and, reeling to where he lay, he kicked him with his heavy boot, and with an oath demanded:

"Why haven't you cleaned out those dens? Is it any wonder the beasts are raising such a rumpus when the bones have been left for them to fight over?"

The negro did not stir in the least—still lay with his head pillowed upon his arm, and his face almost hidden.

"So, you pretend not to hear me, you black dog? Take that and that!" and the severe blows with the boot were repeated.

The giant sprang to his feet, and his face would have been an intense study for a painter. Every hellish passion of the human soul was pictured upon it; every muscle worked convulsively, while his eyes flashed with an unnatural light. He glared around him as does the mighty king of the forest when first caged, and the life of his tormentor hung upon the most slender of threads. But there were numbers of the company present; he knew they were armed; and, crushing the boiling torrent within him to a more steady flow, he started to do the work he had neglected.

But even then he was not permitted to be in peace. Buckley, perhaps, as much enraged at the want of retaliation as he would have been, at the seizure one of the goads used upon the elephant, and made the flesh of the negro quiver beneath its sharp point.

"Don't do dat, massa. It hurts."

"Hurrah! The black brute has feeling. Hurts? Well, I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget;" and, as if to boastfully show his power, was about to use the weapon again, when the negro caught it from his grasp, and sent it whirling to and through the opposite side of the canvas.

But it would have been of no avail had not the others interposed and dragged him away. Although they might have little pity for the negro, yet they feared Buckley might arouse a spirit that would in the end result in his injury.

The black giant watched him as he disappeared, with drunken bravado shouting what he would do when he came back. Then, smarting from his wounds, he again crawled beneath the cage and lay like a great bulldog, with his eyes inflamed and form trembling with passion.

Twilight soon came, and every object grew indistinct beneath the canvas. There would be no exhibition that night, and the negro remained until a late hour, revolving in his mind how much plunder he could secure before escaping, as he had resolved to do, when he heard a footstep coming, and soon after the voice of Buckley quieting the dog at the entrance. It was his custom to take a farewell look before giving up the charge for the night, and the negro knew he would be alone.

A gleam of savage satisfaction shot with almost the vividness of lightning from his eyes—his massive fists were clenched—he seized one of the heavy bars of the cage doors and half-arose. One blow—it would need but a slight one from such an arm—and with crushed skull his enemy would lie at his feet. But even when he was about to put his terrible plan in execution a noise outside caused him to change his idea of vengeance, and with noiseless movements he unbolted and slid back the door of the cage in which was confined the black tiger!

In an instant she stood free—had leaped into the circle—her long and flexible body gliding along as noiselessly as a black serpent, with her eyes like balls of fire—her lips drawn back so as to plainly reveal the teeth—her ears flattened to the head—her claws half unsheathed and her lithe tail curling about her sleek sides, while her low growling resembled the purring of a cat that had already secured and was playing with her prey.

Then she crouched for her spring and waited the coming man—coming on unconsciously to doom—to be almost instantly torn limb from limb! It would be a fearful revenge even for as gross insults as he had been guilty of.

Still on he came. But even when it seemed as if beyond human power to save him his ears caught the low growling—knew by intuition that something was wrong—became comparatively sobered in an instant and dashed for a trapeze, caught the lower bar, and, thanks to his early training, swung himself beyond reach of harm, even as the furious beast leaped wildly at him.

Thus baffled and rendered still more angry by failure she became aware of the presence of the negro, and quick as thought was upon, grappling with him, and they rolled over and over locked together.

The cries of Buckley quickly brought lights and assistance. But they came too late to be of any avail. The hands of the giant negro had clasped like a vise around the neck of the beast and strangled out all of life, though weeks after many unhealed wounds told of the fearful struggle through which he had passed.

But he was kindly nursed by Buckley (who for years knew nothing of his part in the matter), and who from that day tampered no more with drink, always declaring that at the bottom there lurked a "loosed tiger."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

FORT GREEN PLACE, Brooklyn.—We play cassino, and have many disputes about it. Hoyle gives rules for the game, but leaves many points open or unsettled, and I want to ask you to decide them for us. 1. Hoyle says that when the cards are equally divided each having 26, neither party can score any points. Does that mean that none of the points for sweeps or anything else can be counted for the player being dealt the last card? 2. He says that when you make a sweep you can add one to your score. Does that mean that you can count up one on the score immediately, and if you are ten it takes you four, without playing the game out; or must it be added to the other points made on that one hand, and be subject to subtraction, the same as any other points? 3. Can you play or make a sweep for the game, and get them by taking the difference after subtracting the smaller from the greater hand or count. Thus, if I make 9 points and my antagonist 2 points, I score 7 points towards the game. Do we count right? 4. Must you take cards if you can do so, or is it your choice to do as you please? Suppose a 4 spot is on the board, can I throw another 4 on the board (not upon the 4 already there), and refuse to take them up? 5. Can you play one card upon another and make a 7 or 9, or any other number, if you have no card in your hand of that number? 6. Can you lay down a card, say a six spot—number 7 6. And then say you lay down a card, say a six spot—and call it 6, and thereby prevent that card being used to build upon or with? 7. Can you play a small card upon another—as, for instance, a 3 spot is on the board, can I add another 3 upon it and call it 3's, and prevent its being taken with anything but a 3 spot, or is it simply six? 8. Could it be taken by a six spot, or can they be added to another to make a 9 or 10 spot? 9. When you build another to make a 9 or 10 spot? 9. When you build a pile, must you take it if you can't take any other cards, or can you play any card upon the table and not upon your pleasure to take the pile you have made? We would like very much to be set right about these rules, if you think you are incorrect, and refuse to take them up; but will be kind enough to do it for us."

Goldsmith, Boston.—1877145200 can be read in two different ways. According to the French system of notation, it is one billion three hundred and seventy-seven million one hundred and forty-five thousand and two hundred. According to the English, it is one thousand and seventy-seven million one hundred and forty-seven thousand and two hundred.

Evans Noah, Chicago.—1. A player who stands pat at whiskey poker must turn up the widow, if he closes, but not otherwise. 2. If all pass to the dealer, and he passes too, he must turn up the widow, and the eldest hand has the first draw. The same to be said of close, except that his opponents can then draw but one card apiece, and he cannot draw at all.

C. F., Chicago.—In the story of Mr. C—— of your city (who still lives), that "he fell from the spire of Stratford Church, England, a distance of 30 feet, alighting on the roof of a cottage, and thus saved his life through the bed of a sick woman," interests us greatly. We lack words to express our admiration of his longevity, and—but what became of the sick woman?

Ely Boston.—The explanation is that the male descendants of royalty frequently take their first Christian name from that of their father. Louis XV of France had four sons, viz., Louis XV, who was Louis Auguste; Louis XVII, who was Louis Charles; Louis XVIII, who was Louis Stanislas Xavier; and the eldest, who did not live to reach the throne.

Bill Clark Jr., Rochester.—A set-to may have taken place on the date mentioned between Sartoris and Collins; but the published account was doubtless highly colored. Before his marriage to the President's daughter, Sartoris was a frequenter of the Washington Gymnasium, and, we believe, sparred repeatedly with Collins, who is instructor there.

Constant Reader, Chicago.—It is seldom if ever used that way. It is mixed with water, just previous to applying it to the face. Some performers rub a little glycerine on the face to prevent the perspiration from causing the glycerine with the cork and keep it that way the face when anointed with it would present a glossy greasy appearance. Wash it off with soap and water.

O. L. S., Milwaukee.—1. It has been so reported. 2. The riot in your city, when the bridges were destroyed, was on June 4, 1845. 3. After the cards have been all taken up at benchlie, every trick must be headed. This is the rule for the two-handed game, and it has to apply to the three or four-handed, inasmuch as in these games the cards, being all dealt to the table, may be said to be played to the trick.

A. R. Y., San Francisco.—"A bets B $25 that the famous line, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' is from one of Patrick Henry's speeches. A bets that period is before the event of the death of Patrick Henry, but cannot recollect the work."……Draw this. B is right, and so is A. Patrick borrowed it from Jeremiah of biblical renown.

B. W. Pavonia.—Your argument is ingenious, but facts are against it. Thus there were 131 railroad accidents in the United States in January last, of 41 more than in any month since January, 1874. As there was also a slight increase in mileage last year, the increase in accidents must be largely due to the present cold snap.

Nat, Portsmouth.—1. For a novice, unstrained, in the performance is very creditable. 2. It is extremely doubtful, as so little interest is taken by the public in that sport that nothing could be gained by anyone doing as you advise. It don't pay for admission to membership in one of our athletic clubs?

B. & M., Louisville.—1. Lotta the actress was born in this city, 4th March. Maid's best time at East Saginaw was 2.16; at Rochester, 2.14¾. The Clipper Almanac, containing all such records, is issued at the merely nominal price of fifteen cents, in order to lighten our columns of an avalanche of just such questions.

A. and B., San Quintin.—A quit $12 winner on the game, but only $11.25 returned to him. Had he called for a couple of bottles, instead of giving away seventy five cents, he would have been considerably less winner on the night, while his winnings on the game would have remained the same.

H. F., Council Bluffs.—1. C. J. Wintermute, who on Sept. 11, 1873, shot and killed Gen. Edward Stanton Mc-Cook, was last year convicted of the killing. On July 8, 1874, at Yankton, he was sentenced to ten years in the Iowa State Prison. 2. It is a rare thing for a person convicted of murder to be let out on bail, pending a new trial.

L. S., Marlboro.—1. The game is Emma La Jeunesse. 2. The game is counted in this order: high, low, jack, game and pedro. 3 Apply to a druggist. 4. Probably *The N. Y. Ledger*. 5. Cyrille Dion has been proprietor, either solely or conjointly, of three or four billiard-rooms. 6. There are nineteen tables in the new billiard-room in Boston.

R. G., Savannah.—1. From $8 (and traveling expenses) per week upward. 2. Ticket-sellers $1 per night. The door is the most important position, and is generally under the personal supervision of the proprietor or his confidential business man. No salary is given for that duty nu.

Rip Van Winkle, Baltimore.—As we are not familiar with the municipal ordinances of all the cities in this country, we cannot say. Your best plan would be to direct a letter of inquiry to the Chief of Police of such cities as you may wish to visit.

Dramatic.—1. Neither has appeared in The Clipper. 2. You mention the name of two ladies, and then ask "Is she married?" Which one? 3. The Park Theatre was twice destroyed by fire. Which time do you refer to? 4. He was not.

H. W. C., Boston.—1. The water celebratio took place on Oct. 25, 1848. 2. The cost was $5,370,815. 3. The first water-works in this country were those in Philadelphia. They were begun May 2, 1799, and water was first let in on Jan. 21, 1801. 4. The Fairmount Works were begun April 19, 1819.

M. McDermott, Summit Tunnel.—A deposit was twice put up for a match between Tom Sayers and Jim Mace, the money being taken down the first time, and Mace claiming and receiving forfeit on the second occasion. They were never matched, however.

Veritas.—Yankee Sullivan's battles, in rotation, were as follows: beat Hammer Lane, Feb 2, 1841; beat Yiney Hammond, Sept. 3, 1841; beat Tom Secor, Jan. 24, 1842; beat Prof. Bell, Aug. 29, 1842; beat Bob Caunt, May 11, 1847; beaten by Tom Hyer, Feb. 7, 1849; beaten by John Morrissey, Oct. 12, 1853.

Tenos, Cleveland.—As you have no reputation, you had better accept any salary that may be offered. After you have made a success with the public you can talk of commanding a salary. You will find it very difficult to get an opening.

D. D., Boston.—No answers by mail. Apply to White & Goulland, 86 Tremont street, in your city. If it is published, they will have it. If not published, write to Gus Williams (in care of this office), who can furnish it if he so desires.

Cass, Chicago.—"A bets B that a person not being a resident of the state of Kentucky for three years cannot engage in business under his own name in Louisville."…… We cannot decide. If there is any such restriction in Louisville, Ky., we are not aware of it.

Pigeons, Geneseo.—"A shoots B against B's single, the latter being allowed to shoot at 18 yards and 100 boundary. If they tie, what rise have they to shoot off at, according to Geneseo sportsmen's rules?"……B shoots at 23, and A at 30.

H. A. R., Clayton.—1. The money is not yours. Your antagonist is entitled to a sight for as much money as he can raise. 2. Certainly not. It is the latter, and not the player who has gone out, which is entitled to complete the run.

Authority, Hillsdale.—A tie for game in seven-up gives to the player nearest the right hand of the dealer in case of tieing parties; and to the player nearest on the left side of the dealer, if the tie is between two or more non-dealers.

A Subscriber, Cincinnati.—Your record of the pitching of board in this city. Food and lodging included, it varies all the way from 30 cents to $30 per day, and may be less or even more.

J. W. C., Cincinnati.—C, not having been called, could show his hand to anybody he pleased, to the exclusion of others, or he need not have shown it at all. He probably had an object in showing it to D.

No Signature.—1. A letter addressed to Nell West, care of this office, would probably reach her. 2. Their sojourn in Mexico will probably be but a brief one. They may possibly return in the Spring.

P. D.—In regular euchre there can be but one lone hand at a time. The opponent of the lone hand can declare a lone hand also, if he could have claimed no more, had he made all five tricks.

Sarsburg, Pittsburg.—Such a child would be American-born; but we understand that that would not imply American citizenship, were the father, as in the case of Mr. Sartoris, a British subject.

J. S.—It is perfectly legitimate to keep a run of the location of the cards, to remember how they fell, etc. A player who lacks the memory to do this has his remedy in the license to examine the cards.

C. D. B., East Pontiac.—1. A could not call for B's best card. 2. B had no right to proffer his best card to his partner, and tell him to go alone. The latter has no calling for information at any variety of regular euchre.

A Subscriber, Richmond.—A having dealt twice in succession by virtue of a mutual agreement, is the player who becomes B's deal. There is no rule of piquet to the contrary.

S. T., Boston.—Nat Langham's last opponent in the ring was Ben Caunt, with whom he fought a draw Sept. 21, 1857, the stakes being £200 a side, and 60 rounds being contested in 1 hour and 29 minutes. It was Caunt's last battle.

W. J.—If you receive money for admission to any of the performances, yes. The license varies in nearly every town. 2. No salary. 3. When he is performing, you will see his whereabouts in The Clipper.

Old A., Johoes.—1. See answer to "M. McDermott." 2. Only two or three ring-fights have taken place in England since 1872. 3. We are without data necessary to answer your query.

Uncle Dan, Boston.—In the third round Sullivan hit Hyer with the left on the body or neck—it is uncertain which—the blow staggering Tom back a couple of steps, and bringing him to a sitting posture on the ground.

Edward.—1. Tom Bowling, as a four-year-old, never ran at Jerome Park. 2. He did not win other weights last year. 3. No horse named Tom Bolden ran at Jerome Park last year.

D. F., Paris.—A, having given three, and made high-jack-game, goes out on his high. Had A not made his three, and had not C in that event held high, B would have been out with his low.

T. P. A., Boston.—"A party sells a horse for $56, and makes as much per cent. as he gave for him. There is a dispute as to what the man paid for the animal."…… Forty dollars.

Colby Cinder, Utica.—1. Cannot say. 44 years old. 2. Brown hair. 3. Dark gray eyes. 4. N. Y. in 1814. 4. It is a matter of opinion. 5. We believe she is.

Constant Reader, St. Louis.—Ladies' races are only given occasionally. Anyone can enter. They use side saddles and observe the customary riding habits.

"His Nibs."—1. It was not published. 2. The first named performs occasionally, and the other individual is keeping a hotel in the Rocky Mountains.

Parties Interested, Thunder Bay.—P, standing at 18, goes out on high, jack and game. B's pedro does not count soon enough.

Old Dancker, Elyria.—1. Seventy-five cents. 2. You had better see a minstrel manager, and show him what you can do.

Rob Roy, Watertown.—1. No prizes were contested for. 2. If in English, pronounced as if written Lewis; in French, Loo-e. 3. Yes.

H. A. W., Fall River.—1. See The Clipper Almanac for fast time of all kinds. 2. At ordinary euchre there can be but one lone hand at a time.

Reader, Toledo.—As soon as A made game, he had to stop playing. The next player on A's right had to adopt B's play

Kentucky turfman, will breed his two thoroughbred mares, Susan Ann, by Lexington out of Greek of Rozana, and Sarony, by Lexington out of Greek of Rozana, and Sarony, by Lexington out of Greek Slave, to Leamington this season. Sarony is the dam of Aristides, the favorite for the Withers stakes.... Col. McDaniel has sold to S. B. Alexander, of Charlotte, N. C., the chestnut horse Abdel Koree, by imported Australian, dam Rescue, by Berthune, for the stud. It will be remembered Abdel Koree, at three years old, beat Helmbold in the four mile race at Jerome Park, in the fast time of 7:33.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER GRAY PLANET'S TIME.

The memorable time match made by Mr. Belmont with Mr. Louis Lorillard last Summer, in which the former gentleman backed his horse Gray Planet, 5yrs. old, carrying 110lb. (or 4lb. less than the regular weight for age), to run a mile in 1:43, over the Saratoga course during the two meetings, for $1,000 a side, play or pay, has recently led to an animated controversy at the clubs. It is now contended by some of the racing quidnuncs, who fancy themselves authorities on turf matters, that the performance of Gray Planet on that occasion (he, it will be remembered, won the match, running the mile in 1:42½) the fastest time on record at that distance) is absolutely null and void for determining bets on the best time record, as the horse was started in direct violation of rule 45 of the American Jockey Club rules, which expressly declares that "the starter is prohibited from making a running start; that the horse must walk up, and be started from a walk." In the race in question, Gray Planet started some dozen lengths behind the string, was accompanied by two running horses at different stages of the race, and was declared by the official judges to have won the match having beaten 1:43. The stakes and bets on the match were duly paid over, but lately the above question as to the legitimacy of the time-record made by Gray Planet for the decision of bets on the best mile-record has been debated in turf circles. The following case was therefore sent by the well-known turf counsel Mr. J. E. Whitehead of this city for the decision of Admiral Rous, the recognized authority of the English turf, and we give in connection with it the reply of the latter:

Last August, on a racecourse and at a meeting run under American Jockey Club rules, a match was made against time, the owner backing a horse named Gray Planet to beat 1:43. The horse won in 1:42½, and the stakes and bets were paid. It appears that a flying start took place, and rule 45 of the American Jockey Club says: "Power of starter—The starter is prohibited from making a running start; the horse must walk up, and be started from a walk." I attended, briefly, as the match was run in direct violation of rule 45, if the backers of time had lodged an objection within the proper limit, this race was null and void, and if even a second heat were allowed, falling in this second attempt, time would have won. Secondly, though this objection was not lodged, and though the stakes and bets were paid, the record of a horse who has not complied with these rules and won his race—though in a longer time—is the standard to go by in making bets at the present day on the best time record, and this performance of Gray Planet, as it was run under the Jockey Club rules, is absolutely null and void for determining such bets.

The American Jockey Club Rule 45 is, in my opinion, not applicable to a match against time, but solely to races between two or more horses.

I assimilate this case to a bet that in the last mile of a long race the winner, or a horse engaged, would perform the distance in a given time.

Therefore, the first objection falls to the ground in a two-fold point of view, no complaint of the start having been made during the limited time. Secondly, as it was not specified in the contract that the horse should start from a walk, Gray Planet won, having galloped the mile in 1 min. 43 sec.

I do not appreciate the value of time-tests, which depend upon the state of the ground and the skill of the jockey. We have no proof that an English horse can gallop a straight mile in the above time; but we have at least six horses which will run Gray Planet a mile, or any other distance, for £5,000, weight for age, if the owner will do us the honor to send him across the herring-pond.

With every good wish for the success of the American turf, I am, dear sir, yours truly, H. J. ROUS.

Edward Whitehead, Esq., January 28.

The above decision is in harmony with the judgment of all the leading turfmen in this country, and the opposite view could only have been conceived by a mind versed in the legal hairsplitting of the courts. As to the Admiral's statement that there are in England at least six horses that will run Gray Planet a mile, or any other distance, for $25,000, weight for age, it is only necessary to say that Gray Planet is not regarded here as by any means a first-class horse, even at a mile, and there can be named more than a dozen horses, now on the turf, that can beat him at that distance. With such horses as Springbok, Katie Pease, Fadladeen, Artist, Lizzie Lucas, Madge, Piccolo, Dublin, Survivor, Steel-Eyes, Vandalite, Acrobat, Attila, Mate, Preakness, Grinstead, Catesby, and Harry Bassett, Gray Planet would have little chance at a mile, without mentioning such good three-year-olds as Aristides, Olitipa, Willie Burke, Chesapeake, Hyder Ali, James A, and Vassal.

GROSS CRUELTY TO A HORSE.—A case of gross cruelty to a horse, so monstrous in its character as to be almost incredible, has just come to light. Nelson Coleman, a farmer who resides near Canton, Fulton County, Ill., was one day, ten years ago, trying to lead a young colt into an old, rickety shed, when the animal became frightened and refused to enter. He was with a good deal of difficulty that he at last got the colt into the shed; and when he had succeeded he was so enraged that he swore the colt should never come out again alive. He kept his oath, and the poor beast has been imprisoned all these long ten years in the place, about ten feet square. Winter and Summer it has been the same. The poor horse has stood at his crib, and never breathed a breath of pure air, nor ate a blade of grass. The long confinement stunted his growth, so that at the time of his death, which occurred two weeks ago, he was scarcely larger than a yearling. But he was sadly deformed. His hoofs had never received the attention of the blacksmith, and had grown so long that they curled over and back so as to touch the shins. Any one of them must have been eighteen inches longer than the hoofs of horses usually are. About two years ago Forepaugh the circus proprietor saw the animal, and offered $1,000 for it as a curiosity. The knowledge of the existence of such an object of man's depravity coming to the Illinois Humane Society in Chicago, one of its agents was sent out to investigate the matter, and prosecute the owner of the poor beast for cruelty to animals. Coleman was at once arrested and tried, the prosecution being conducted by Mr. Hamilton, the Society's agent, assisted by the prosecuting attorney for Fulton County.

KATIE PEASE MATCHED.—Mr. Gage of Chicago, the lessee of the running qualities, for this season, of the fast mare Katie Pease, is not satisfied with her defeat by the b. g. Chinaman in the three-quarter-mile dash for a purse of $1,000 on the Oakland Course, Cal., Jan. 9, 1875, and he has matched that horse in a race of half-mile heats for $1,000 a side, to be run shortly over the Golden Gate Course at San Francisco. It will be remembered that on the occasion of Katie Pease's defeat the time of the winner was 1:15¼, the fastest by half a second on record, and he won by a throat-latch only. Gameness and endurance, as is well-known, and as was proved in the four-mile-heat purse race of $25,000 last November, are Katie Pease's distinguishing characteristics, and Mr. Gage must have unlimited faith in her speed, and be also eager to retrieve her defeat, to match her against such a fleet horse as Chinaman in a race of half-mile heats.

CLOSING OF STAKES.—The majority of the racing events to be run at Jerome Park, Long Branch and Saratoga during the coming Summer close on Monday, March 1. At Jerome Park, the Fordham Handicap Sweepstakes, Westchester Cup, Grand National Handicap, Steeplechase, Juvenile Stakes and Jockey Club Handicap, all run at the Spring meeting, close on that day, as well as the four-mile Post Stakes of $200 each, which is run for in the Fall Meeting. At Long Branch, the Hopeful, July, Thespian, August, Monmouth, Sequel and Long Branch Stakes, as well as the Monmouth Cup and Grand Jockey Club Purse, close the same day. At Saratoga, the Flash and Sequel Stakes, Saratoga Cup, Summer Handicap, Mile-and-quarter Sweepstakes for all ages, and the sweepstakes for two and three-year-olds, also close on March 1. Owners and trainers of racing stock will take notice.

FLEETWOOD PARK.—Messrs. Johnson Brothers, the well-known turf pool-sellers have obtained a lease of ten years of the Fleetwood Park track from the association which has so mismanaged it from the period of its formation. The new proprietors contemplate making many radical and important changes, so as to render it a remunerative investment. The charge of admission will be reduced to one dollar, with an additional fifty cents to the grand stand. The track will be regraded, and the turns made easy. The grand stand will be extended so as to admit of roomy promenade balconies for ladies, and more commodious accommodation for gentlemen. The old cottage by the gate and the railings at the club-house will be removed. A ball-ground will be laid out in the central inclosure, which will be leveled, graded and sodded for baseball playing.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.—The celebrated trotting mare Lucy, owned by Mr. H. N. Smith, dropped a fine chestnut foal last week, at the Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J. The sire is Jay Gould, and this is Lucy's first foal since her retirement from the turf. The sire has a trotting record of 2:21½, and the dam of 2:18¾..... The imported thoroughbred mare Wombat, by West Australian, dam by Irish Birdcatcher, dropped a fine filly foal to Harry Bassett at Princeton, N. J., on Feb. 9. It is a chestnut with blaze face and both hind feet white, and resembles her sire greatly..... Mr. A. J. Alexander's mare Eagless, by imported Glencoe, the dam of Gray Planet, Steel Eyes, Mary Clark and Lizzie Lucas, dropped a gray filly by Lexington on Feb. 17.

KATIE PEASE AND CHINAMAN were contestants in a running race, half-mile heats, best three in five, for $2,000, at the Bay District Course, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 13. Among the large crowd in attendance the mare was the favorite, rating at four to one, and she fully justified this extreme confidence; for though Chinaman took the first heat (on sufferance, it was thought,) she was victress in the second, third, and fourth. Time—0:50, 0:49½, 0:50½, the time of the final heat not being taken in consequence of a heavy fog.

UTICA DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of this Association, held on Tuesday, Feb. 9, Mr. Charles W. Hutchinson was elected president for the third time; John H. Comstock, vice-president; Alexander Buel, treasurer; and Edward R. Murray, secretary. In a letter to the Association, Mr. Hutchinson says he cannot accept the honor conferred on him of president, as he is conscientiously opposed to a third term. No choice has yet been made for his successor.

CHALLENGE TO GREEN TROTTERS.—George Farnsworth of Chicago, in a public challenge, offers to match his roan gelding George F. (no record) against any horse, mare or gelding, in the United States having no record, for $2,500 a side, to be trotted over the Dexter Park Course, Chicago.

SALE OF RACING STOCK IN CALIFORNIA.—The public sale by auction of the racing stock belonging to the California turfman, Mr. George Trent, to meet pecuniary advances made by Mr. Charles McLaughlin, took place at San Francisco on Jan. 28, and none of the stock realized anything like the prices anticipated, as the following quotations will show. The sorrel horse Thad. Stevens, aged, by Lexington, dam Mary Chilton, who it will be remembered, won the great $30,000 purse in gold, Nov. 15, 1873, four-mile heats, was knocked down to Mr. W. Chapman for $1,100. The brown mare Nell Flaherty, aged, by Rifleman, dam Jenny Hull, was purchased by Mr. A. C. Buckley for $1,000. The bay stallion Monday, 11 years old, by Colton, dam Mollie Jackson, by Wagner, was bought by Mr. Nelson for $500. The brown mare Camillo Urso, 5 years old, by Lodi, dam Annette, by Gray Eagle, who won the California Derby in 1873, sold for $575. Mr. W. McDonald being the purchaser. Her dam Annette, foaled in 1860, and stinted to Monday, was purchased by Mr. W. L. Bowley for $425. The five-year-old brown horse Henry, by Norfolk out of Versailles, a good racer, was sold at private sale.

ACCIDENT TO A BROOD-MARE.—The imported thoroughbred brood-mare Ursuline, owned by Mr. A. Welch of Chestnut-hill Stud Farm, Philadelphia, met with a severe accident recently, by which her shoulder was broken. This mare was foaled in 1853, and was sired by Surplice, the double victor in the Derby and St. Leger of 1848, out of Treacherous, by Harkaway, and is herself the dam of Coup d'Etat by Leamington, who was one of the fleetest horses on the English turf in his day. She was imported last Spring by Mr. Welch, and bred again to Leamington, with whom she had so successfully "hicked" a dozen years ago. She was immediately placed in the hands of a skillful veterinary surgeon after her accident, and some hopes of saving her are now entertained.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB.—The following additional entries, mailed from and postmarked Edinburgh, Scotland, within the proper time, have been received by the Maryland Jockey Club: D. J. Bannatyne's b. c. Elmwood, by Baywood out of Lark, in the sweepstakes for three-year-olds, that have not won in their two-year-old form, and in the Breckenridge Stakes; and his c. h. The Ghost, in the Handicap Stakes for four-year-olds.

BILLIARDS.

THE FOUR-HANDED MATCH.
The Dion Brothers Defeat Daly and Garnier.

The contest advertised in behalf of the Ladies' Fair in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital of this city occurred at Tammany Hall, Fourteenth street, on Wednesday night, Feb. 18. The attendance, about 600 strong, was far from meeting the expectations of the most sanguine. The ladies themselves were in earnest, and their labors meant charity; but, as these ladies are unfamiliar with the *pentralia* of billiards in the metropolis, there were influences at work to counteract their bona-fide endeavors in behalf of a worthy institution. Affairs of this character cannot be both factional and successful; and this affair was factional to the core. The two Dions, Garnier and Daly are billiard-players of high repute, but there are two other experts in this city. These two, as it happens, are *ex-officio* the chief exponents of the three-ball game on this continent, wielding between them the two championships; and the public, even when asked to invest in furtherance of charity, naturally expect, having bought something, that it will prove the best the market affords. Daly, Garnier and the two Dions are not the strongest four who can be chosen from among the seven first-class players of the metropolis, and any two of that four might have been dropped to advantage, to allow of Vignaux and Rudolphe being substituted therefor. There was, however, no necessity, had the cause of charity alone to be subserved, for the dropping of two players. A six-handed game of 400 points could have been arranged as readily as a four-handed one of 500. That such was not arranged is due to circumstances that, while they are painfully apparent to hundreds in this city, we do not care to discuss at the present moment.

While the attendance upon this four-handed game, the first ever seen in this city, was inadequate as to numbers, it was brilliant in personnel. It is safe to say that only two experts, Pierre Carme in this city, and Joseph Dion in Brooklyn, have played before a concourse at all matching it in respectability. An effort had been made to make it imposing, rather than profitable; and it was imposing. The order had been promulgated upon the tickets that the spectators should attend in evening-dress—claw-hammers and white neckties. Many persons who would otherwise have attended were deterred by a lack of full evening dress, added to a lack of knowledge that these little trimmings can be hired. They did not know that the *fiat* as to propriety of habiliment was clap-trap. Had they, there would have been a larger attendance. About half the house wore the regulation shad-belly and lily neck-tie; the other half were about divided among Ulsters, heavers, and the overwhelming "benjamin" peculiar to the Canadian *habitant*. The players (and even the marker, Amadee Guillet) had built themselves up regardless, in pursuance of the manager's regulations as posted in the green-room. Swallow-tails about the body and bolster-cases about the neck! How *could* men play billiards thus accoutred? Maurice Daly was at first so weak in play that his partner, becoming disgusted, "bounced" his own shad-belly as a cue, or rather as an excuse, for Daly to follow suit. Garnier's example was followed by all the others, and the spectators, who had all along realized the grand absurdity of a ceremonial that kept the right hand of the player outside of the cushion-rail while his nose was perpendicularly opposite the light-red spot, warmly applauded the disrobing process. Had this been a mere exhibition, the uniform would have been well enough; but it was a contest for prizes—commemorative badges presented by the Executive Committee of the Fair—and consequently counted upon record, to the detriment of the players by way of contrast with the grand averages of Rudolphe, Vignaux and others. Not only is it a game of record, but pools were sold on it, Garnier and Daly having, in the Paris-mutual at Daly's room, brought $90 to the two Dions' $60, while in the matter of high run Joseph Dion had the call. This is the first instance on record of pools being sold on black claw-hammers and white neckties.

The playing has been carried beyond the pale of criticism by the peculiar surroundings of the contest, and it will suffice to say of it that Cyrille Dion broke off the major honors, which are always due to steadiness; and that Maurice Daly, true to his high reputation as a nurser, made the best run.

	C. DION, No. 1. *Inn. Run.*	*Total.*	DALY, No. 2. *Run.*	*Total.*	J. DION, No. 3. *Run.*	*Total.*	GARNIER, No. 4. *Run.*	*Total.*
1..	15	15	0	0	2	2	1	1
2..	6	21	1	1	3	5	0	1
3..	1	22	2	3	4	12	4	5
4..	4	26	1	4	0	12	0	5
5..	0	26	5	9	0	12	3	8
6..	0	27	0	9	30	43	3	11
7..	0	27	0	9	30	43	11	22
8..	10	37	2	11	0	43	0	22
9..	12	49	1	12	0	43	2	24
10..	56	105	1	13	0	43	33	57
11..	19	124	0	13	6	49	0	57
12..	0	124	2	15	6	55	0	57
13..	16	140	0	15	9	64	17	74
14..	4	144	2	17	1	65	20	94
15..	20	164	1	18	0	65	2	96
16..	14	178	1	19	1	66	9	105
17..	3	181	7	26	16	82	1	106
18..	0	181	65	91	1	83	1	107
19..	0	181	12	103	0	83	27	134
20..	6	193	1	104	36	119	1	135
21..	13	206	17	121	13	132	0	135
22..	5	211	0	121	1	133	0	135
23..	5	259	2	123	21	154	8	143
24..	9	268	28	151	0	154	0	143
25..	5	273	2	153	0	154	5	148
26..	0	273	2	155	0	154	14	162
27..	10	283	0	155	5	159	0	162
28..	17	300	3	158	1	160	1	163
29..	4	304	0	158	4	164	0	163
30..	2	306	2	160	1	165	0	163
31..	4	310	1	161	9	174	0	163
32..	1	311	0	161	4	178	1	164
33..	11	322						

SUMMARY—Tammany Hall, N. Y. City, Feb. 18, 1874.—Four-handed match for commemorative medals presented by the Executive Committee of the Ladies' Homœopathic Fair Association. Cyrille Dion and Joseph Dion against Maurice Daly and Albert Garnier. Three-ball game, 500 points up, on a 5x10 Griffith table, with 2⅝ths balls. Score—two Dions, 500; Garnier and Daly, 325. Individual scores—C. Dion, 322—average, 9.25-33; J. Dion, 178—average, 5.18-32; Garnier, 164—average, 5.2-34; Daly, 161—average, 5.1-32. Joint averages—the Dions, 7.15-65; Daly and Garnier, 5.5-64. Best runs—Daly, 65; Garnier, 33; J. Dion, 36; C. Dion, 56.

THE MEDAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

There is a complaint among players that their challenges for the medal championship of the three-ball game are not promptly delivered, which delay subjects them to the liability of being charged with collusion in seeking to defer their contests beyond the fifty days prescribed by the rules. On Dec. 30, 1874, Maurice Vignaux defeated Joseph Dion for the medal championship. Being challenged by Rudolphe, Vignaux should have played again last week, or not later than Feb. 19. Under a strict interpretation of the rules, the match is off. But the official stakeholder comes forward, and explains why the penalty of forfeiture sought to be promulgated against Rudolphe as to the challenge-cup championship is not brought to bear against Vignaux as holder of the medal championship. It is that he neglected to notify Vignaux of Rudolphe's challenge until Jan. 10, or eleven days after the defeat of Dion by Vignaux. Thus Feb. 23, on which day Rudolphe and Vignaux are to play for the medal, falls within the fifty days. That this is a mere subterfuge, designed to forestall any possible demand that what is sauce for the goose shall be dealt out to the gander, a few figures will show.

Let it be assumed that Vignaux was not informed of Rudolphe's challenge until Jan. 10, and the stakeholder then figures as having been in possession of three different challenges for this identical medal prior to his having informed Vignaux as to any one of them. One challenge was Rudolphe's, another Garnier's, and the third C. Dion's. The latter's, which came to the surface quite unexpectedly, has never been published, and hence nothing can be assumed as to its date except that it was later than that of Rudolphe. Garnier's challenge was dated Jan. 6, and some two or three days subsequently the public first heard of Cyrille Dion's, the stakeholder explaining that Dion had challenged prior to Jan. 6; and therefore Garnier's was withdrawn. The only guaranty a player can have of the legality of challenges is their prompt publication, and Garnier might reasonably have complained that no publicity was given to Dion's challenge. It was bad enough that Dion's challenge was unknown to Garnier, but it now appears that it was also unknown to Vignaux, as likewise was Rudolphe's. It is respectfully submitted that this is too much latitude to accord a stakeholder, who, if he exercises any such discretion as this, can make or unmake matches at pleasure. The complaint of the players is quite defensible. If it takes twenty-three days (and it has been explained in behalf of the stakeholder that it does) for Vignaux, who carries on business four or five doors from Rudolphe, to learn that he has been challenged by the latter, how long ought it to take for Vignaux to learn that he has been challenged by Slosson or Shaw of Chicago? Long enough for Vignaux's time as champion to expire, judged by the difference between the distance from Chicago to this city and that from the place of business of Vignaux to that of the stakeholder. There is no excuse for such neglect; and our opinion is that there has been no such neglect. There is, however, a willingness to assume the responsibility of it, whether it has existed in fact or not; and that responsibility is by no means lessened when it is added that there was not a delay of eleven days merely in notifying Vignaux. Rudolphe's challenge to that player was dated not Dec. 30, but Dec. 17, and hence there was a delay of twenty-three days. Before Jan. 7, two other players challenged; and yet there were not enough challenges in, it would appear, to warrant a notification being sent to Vignaux. As, however, Vignaux himself knew, nearly two weeks before he played J. Dion, that Rudolphe had challenged for the medal, it might be as well to dispense with all official notification by the stakeholder, and print the challenge in the newspapers. The players should then have no cause to complain either of procrastination or of favoritism. There could then be no quibbling.

As it is, the opportunities for favoritism are not to be despised; whether as to one three-ball championship or the other. Let us cite a case or two. A challenges the champion. The latter is a favorite, but a not. Both are supposed to have their money up (as Vignaux was supposed to have covered Rudolphe's money), and both must keep in good health. A gets sick at the end of thirty days, and cannot play at the end of the required fifty. He forfeits. On the other hand, the champion gets sick, but he does not forfeit. The notification in business can in any event operate in behalf of the champion only; and the stakeholder is now sorry to learn that he had omitted to notify the champion as to the challenge, and hence there is legally no match. It being clear that the champion would not cover the challenger's money until he had been notified that there was a challenge, it follows that there is that money up on one side only. But let the non-favorite fall ill, and there will be money up on both sides very soon, if it was not thus up before. Again, the champion has held the emblem up to within fifty-one days of the required time. He is still the favorite of the public, and does not wish to lose the championship. Well, he need not play again for it. The challenger calls upon him to play at the expiration of the allotted time, or it may be calls upon him to put up the balance of the stake-money. Balance of what money? He has no money up. He has never been notified of a challenge! It is then too late for another challenge, the rule as to time protecting the champion against the former's motestation. That neither of these cases has ever been put in practice is no argument against its occurrence in the future; and should either ever occur, the integrity of the stakeholder, even were he George Washington, would be badly damaged, in spite of his little hatchet. The cases are pointed out as contingencies that must be provided against. The stakeholding part of these championship games needs a slight alteration or two.

SCRATCHES.

Dudley Kavanagh, although physically no worse than when he left here, is confined to his room at the Hot Springs..... Clark E. Wilson is behind the bar at Saumelis' room, Brooklyn..... James Kernan continues at the Everett House, St. Louis, as also does Herman P. Butler, who proposes making the metropolis a brief visit the coming Summer..... George Mackenzie, in Brooklyn, is doing a heavy fifteen-ball-pool, his receipts on one table per day reaching as high as $40..... Edward G. Kendall was in Cleveland on the 14th, whence he was to start for Chicago, giving exhibitions by the wayside..... John Farley has been added to the forces at Earle's Hotel, this city..... At Mason's room, Albany, on the 11th inst., William Sexton, the superintendent, defeated Edward G. Kendall by 60 in 300, three-ball game, while in a four-ball game Kendall turned the tables on Sexton by a score of 750 to 436..... In Charleston, S. C., on the same day, at the room known as "The Charleston," the proprietor, Harry Oldenzer, was beaten by 46 in a three-ball game of 300, his opponent being Brooks of the same city. The chief runs were 22 by the winner, and 19 by the loser. ..... At Dart's room, Chicago, also on the 11th, Louis Shaw crossed cues with Orrin Bennett, and promising Larry McAfee in two exhibition games. The first was a three-ball, 300 up, and the second a four-ball, 500 up. McAfee won the first by 69, and the second by 1. The winner's average in the three-ball game was nearly 4½, and his best run 69. Shaw got as high as 89..... Among the many who have fallen victims to these pneumonic times is Joseph O'Connor, joint proprietor, with Capt. Tom Murphy, of the Columbian Rooms. But "Big Joe's" illness, we are pleased to be able to add, is not serious..... Mason's room, Albany, can be purchased, the proprietor desiring to retire from the business. It is not publicly in the market, however..... Joseph Dion has been assisting Vignaux in the latter's practice games for the Rudolphe meeting..... It is fancied by not a few that the pending match between Carter and Gallagher, for the championship of Ohio, will be fought out to the bitter end, as the two players are avowedly hostile. On the other hand, a good many Clevelanders argue that this is the very reason that zigzagism may be anticipated. Our opinion is that this match will be all right; but where public opinion differs so, this Ohio championship is not likely ever to command much confidence..... Cook's "American Handicap Tournament" in London, Eng., turns out not to have been an American tournament in any essential particular. The English game was played, with the English size of balls and upon an English table. The players were handicapped, but, outside of Hartford, Ct., handicapping is unknown to American billiards..... W. H. Hewes of the Girard-house room, Philadelphia, has been ill for a week, but is convalescing..... James Palmer of the same city, having come in shocking contact with the ice, has been confined to his house for several days..... *The Philadelphia Mercury* says: "On the 18th inst., at Miller's Winter Garden, a four-handed exhibition was played between Victor Estephe and an amateur on one side, and William Rockhill and John Venie on the other. The game was 150 points, French, and was won by Mr. Estephe and his friend, the score being 150 to 146. James Palmer was announced to play with Mr. Estephe, but was prevented from doing so on account of his fall." ..... Michael Geary has purchased a room on the West-side, Chicago..... The supposition that Mr. T. Z. C. Cowles of Chicago is writing billiard letters from that city to this, over a *nom de plume*, is said to be erroneous..... A new departure is to be recorded. Neither upon the bills of the two matches played this week by Vignaux and Rudolphe, nor upon the tickets, do the names appear of the manufacturers who furnish the tables. This is an omission that has not been visible since 1871 ..... Thomas Foley of Chicago called upon us on Washington's Birthday, it being his first visit to the metropolis since 1873. He is in excellent health and spirits, and reports the billiard prospect in Chicago as encouraging.

THE BROOKLYN TOURNAMENT.—The series of professional contests projected by A. R. Samuells of Brooklyn will begin on the first of April next, the large hall over his spacious billiard-room having been engaged for the purpose. Money prizes amounting to $1,500 are offered, and among the contestants will be Dudley Kavanagh, who will play billiards thus accoutred? Maurice Daly was at first so weak in play that his partner, becoming disgusted, "bounced" his own shad-belly as a cue, or rather as an excuse, for Daly to follow suit. Garnier's example was followed by all the others, and the spectators, who had all along realized the grand absurdity of a ceremonial that kept the right hand of the player outside of the cushion-rail while his nose was perpendicularly opposite the light-red spot, warmly applauded the disrobing process. Had this been a mere exhibition, the uniform would have been well enough; but it was a contest for prizes—commemorative badges presented by the Executive Committee of the Fair—and consequently counted upon record, to the detriment of the players by way of contrast with the grand averages of Rudolphe, Vignaux and others. Not only is it a game of record, but pools were sold on it, Garnier and Daly having, in the Paris-mutual at Daly's room, brought $90 to the two Dions' $60, while in the matter of high run Joseph Dion had the call. This is the first instance on record of pools being sold on black claw-hammers and white neckties.

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THE SCHUYLKILL NAVY.—In a letter before us from Jonathan Gillingham, secretary of this organization, the writer says: "In a short time the regatta committee of the Navy will be ready to issue circulars, invitations and rules of both the 'Schuylkill Navy Regatta, open to all amateurs, to be held June, 16, 17, 1875, and the Centennial Regatta, to be held in July, 1876. If the secretaries of all rowing clubs will forward their addresses, it will greatly facilitate the work of the committee."

R. B. BAINBRIDGE has replied to Frank Yates, waiving the matter of the championship and proposing a three-mile race for a prize valued at $100 (with side-bets to the liking of the challenger), on the Kills or Harlem River—the former preferred.

J. H. SADLER, champion, and Robt. W. Boyd are matched to row a mile, straight away, on the Tyne River, Eng., March 22, for £100 a side.

ICE-BOATING.—The first regatta of the Brooklyn Ice-boat Club took place at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Feb. 16. Four boats entered for the whip pennant of 1875, the course being three circuits of the lake. The first boat in was the Lady of the Lake, sailed by Captain Hallock, the second being the Flyaway and the third the Snow Bird, the Icicle being last. In some outside races afterwards the Snow Bird bore off the palm. Next Winter the club will have eight boats in their fleet

SKATING.—There was excellent skating during the week ending Feb. 22, with the exception of one day, when it rained. The Park Lakes were largely attended, especially on Sundays.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Thos. Kane and Geo. Wells.

AQUATICS.

ROWING ON THE THAMES AND TYNE.

From the following remarks, taken from *The Sporting Life* of Feb. 6, it will be noted that the aquatic outlook in England this season is very cheering to the admirers of oaric contests: "Very seldom of late years has the Spring afforded promise of so much high-class rowing as is now the case, for on each of the great rowing rivers a series of matches has been fixed far more important and generally interesting than any that have taken place for a considerable time. The young blood of the metropolitan stream seems desirous of asserting itself; and in this we are glad to see forewail of those ancient and historic rivalries between North and South which have done so much towards the maintenance of a high standard of oarsmanship. Only two notable contests take place during the present month. The first is a two-mile race on the Tyne, between Kempster of Sunderland, and Walter Hill of Newcastle. Hill's career has been principally distinguished by the remarkably close races between him and Hymes of Stockton, and, though he rows very light, he has generally showed fair form as a sculler, and done good work in a 'four,' though rather wanting in power. Kempster has deservedly obtained a fair reputation on Tyne and Wear, and it is certain that the match of the men will attract some thousands of spectators, notwithstanding that only £50 is at stake. This match takes place on the 15th. Exactly a week later, Griffiths and Burgoine row Cannon and Coxen a double-scull match, over the Thames championship course, for £100 a side. There is a strong feeling between the parties in this case, and from the previous performances of the men engaged, we should think it will be a very close affair. The way in which the two youths —Lumsden of Blyth, and Robert Boyd of Gateshead —rowed last year, both with oars and sculls, naturally raised the hopes of their friends, and it is not at all surprising that they were matched against the champion, and the other against one once supposed to have good reason for aspiring to the honor which he failed to obtain. Of the two matches, the first is that of March 6, on the Tyne, between Bagnall and Lumsden. Lumsden is a very powerful young fellow, and the trial of his powers will afford a fair proof of how much he may be depended on in the future as a possible candidate for the championship. Had he met Bagnall as he was some time before he met Sadler, the line might have been more truthful, for we cannot help thinking that Bagnall has gone off from his best form. Two days after the race between Lumsden and Bagnall, a match over the same course, for a similar stake, takes place between Tom Winship and R. Hepplewhite, which is likely to decide a question of superiority which has oft given rise to much discussion in Tyneside circles. On the 22d of the same month, J. H. Sadler, the champion, is engaged from young Boyd, over a mile course on the Tyne, for £100 a side; and that Sadler is very confident of the result may be inferred from the readiness with which he accepted the conditions offered by the other side. The Northern division are more accustomed to short-distance rowing than their brethren on the Thames, but a want of speed has never been a defect of Sadler's, and the Newcastle people must have got a veritable flyer if Boyd can lower the champion's colors at the distance. With health and practice, a shot at the championship seems only a question of time with Boyd, whose racing is marvelous, considering his age; but it seems to us doubtful whether his day is so near. Should he win, then a match between the two men for the championship is certain to follow before the year is very much older. On the day following that on which the big Tyne race is to be decided, W. Spencer of Chelsea and Griffith of Wandsworth row from Putney to Mortlake for £100 a side. Griffith, who showed more power than skill when he first came out, latterly displayed a very great improvement, and in point of weight has a great advantage over his opponent, who, however, is a really clever sculler, with any amount of pluck, and, besides, the reputation of being an unbeaten man, so far as matches are concerned."

BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL CONVENTION.

The rooms of the Athletic Club, Philadelphia, will be the scene of a very interesting meeting of delegates from the professional clubs of the country on Monday night next, March 1, and the convention to be held that evening promises to be the most important and influential held by the Association since its organization. Delegates will be in attendance from the stock company and co-operative professional organizations of Boston, Hartford, New Haven, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Keokuk and Chicago, and in all twelve regular clubs will be duly represented. The business necessary to be transacted by the convention will include the election of officers, a revision of the Association's constitution and by-laws, and the adoption of the reports of the Judiciary Committee and that on rules.

The Judiciary Committee will meet on Monday morning to act on the cases brought before them; and the Committee of Rules will be in session during Monday to revise the code of playing rules, which this year will not require much alteration. Every club which considers itself a professional organization should be enrolled as a member of the Professional Association, even if it does not propose to enter the championship arena. It is to be hoped that thorough harmony will prevail, as hitherto, at the convention, as it is to the pecuniary interests of the professional clubs that this should be the regular rule in all their legislative proceedings. The delegates will be gentlemen who, in character and intelligence, will reflect credit on the Association, and we look to them to conserve the best interests of the game by their proceedings at this meeting. Our reporter will attend the Convention, and THE CLIPPER will contain a detailed account of the doings of the professionals at this important meeting.

THE CHICAGO CLUB AVERAGES.

The following are the batting and fielding averages of the Chicago Club for 1874, as made out by Mr. Wright of the Athletic Club:

CHICAGO.	*Games.*	*Average Base Hits.*	*Average Base Hits per Game.*	*Average Total Bases.*	*Average Total Bases per Game.*
Meyerle, 3d b and 2d b	52	1.00	1.85	2.50	1.81
Force, ss and 3d b	59	0.80	1.46	2.00	2.88
Hines, c f	59	0.75	1.40	2.66	0.60
Cuthbert, l f	58	1.11	1.34	2.34	0.17
Devlin, 1st b and r f	50	0.56	1.20	6.00	0.17
Glenn, r f and 1st b	53	0.72	1.18	6.00	0.21
Malone, c	52	0.71	0.16	3.81	1.00
Peters, ss and 2d b	56	0.75	1.15	2.80	0.23
Zettlein, p	57	0.38	0.84	0.54	1.50
Treacy, l f	38	0.35	0.75	1.06	0.17

THE AMATEUR CONVENTION.—Unknowingly, the amateurs at their last convention adjourned to meet in Boston on St. Patrick's Day, the "third Wednesday of March" being the 17th. This will be an inconvenient day for a meeting of the kind; but we do not see how they can well get out of meeting on that day, if they only have to adjourn to the day following. There is something else, too, which is troubling the officials of the club, and that is the resolution adopted at the convention stating that the annual meeting shall take place the third Wednesday in March, whereas the constitution states that an election for officers shall take place at the "annual meeting of the Association." Now, it certainly was not intended that the present excellent corps of officials should only hold office from December of 1874 to March of 1875. According to our interpretation of the Amateur Constitution—a written document, by-the-bye—the convention cannot elect officers again until March, 1876, inasmuch as the constitution expressly appoints the next annual meeting for that purpose, and it is doubtful if the meeting of March next will be accepted as that.

THE BUCKEYE CLUB has been reorganized at Columbus, O., with the following officers: President, Gen. C. C. Walcutt; vice-president, J. R. Smith; secretary, T. C. Orndorff; treasurer, W. P. Little; directors—J. R. Smith, H. S. Lynn, D. H.

WHAT I SOMETIMES WISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

When sadness fills my sinking soul I often, on my word,
Wish that, instead of being a man, I had been born a bird;
For instance, an ascipeter, an alcedo, an auk,
A grossbeak or an ibis, a chaffinch or a hawk,
A shelldrake or a raven, a puffin or a quail,
A dotterel, a dodo, a pewit, nightingale,
A palmiped goosander, a bobolink, a crow,
A peacock or a partridge, a crested phitalo,
A bittern or a dawlin, a harpy, a macaw,
An ostrich or a goshawk, a tantalus, a daw,
A pouter-pigeon, plover, a razor-bill, toucan,
A vulture or a widgeon, a spoonbill, ptarmigan,
An owl, a pelican, a snipe, a heron of the night,
A humming-bird, a hawfinch, a hornbill or a kite,
A linnet or a penguin, an albatross, a hen,
A curlew or an oryx, a corncrake or a wren,
An eagle, goose, flamingo, a noddy, avocet,
An apteryx, a hobby, a canary, jaroquet,
A kingfisher, an oriole, a falcon, cockatoo,
A skylark or a sanderling, a sparrow, tinamou,
A blackbird, cuckoo, mavis, a mepros, adjutant,
A lapwing or an elder-duck, a lark, a cormorant,
A whippoowil, an umber; and even, on a pinch,
A wagtail or a buzzard, a titmouse or a finch;
And sometimes, when I'm desperate, I'd just as soon as not
Be a frogon, lion or a turkey, a cow or gill-Dennit;
And you have not the least idea how very glad I'd feel
To be a megapode, an owl, a lory or a teal;
You must confess, yourself, that would be exceeding nice
To be an oyster-catcher or a bird-of-paradise!
If I'd been a little egret I wouldn't have made a touse,
Or a cassaway, a goldfinch, an ordian or grouse

At other times, in other moods, I often change my wish
To that, instead of being a bird, I had been born a fish.
You can't imagine, if you try, how happy I would be
If I'd been born a sculpin, a dugong or doree;
I know I should feel happier than I have ever felt
If I had been a pollock, a dolphin or a smelt;
If I had been a swordfish I shouldn't have been put out,
Or a herring, or a mackerel, a porpoise or a trout;
To have been a flying-gurnard I should have been so glad,
Or else a haddock or a pike, a flounder or a shad;
Had I been born a gudgeon I'd be happy as a lark;
I wouldn't object to be a dab, a bonito or a shark;
If I had been a manatus, how happy were my fate!
A mullet, or a pilot-fish, a stickleback or skate,
An anchas, or sterlet, a gymnote or a loach,
A torpedo, a sturgeon, a toxotes or roach;
A halibut, a moonfish, a minnow or a plaice,
A flying fish, a grampus, a hornbeck or a dace;
A bellowsfish, a barbel, a salmon or a cod,
A whitebait or a turbot, a tunny or a rudd;
To be a skipper or a torsk I'm sure that I would like,
Or a goby, or a crayfish, a sea-horse or a pike.
And I would reach the highest point of my ambition's dream
If I had been a sea-wolf, a gilt-head or a bream;
Sometimes I wish I were a man, when I'm uncommon glum,
And would agree to be a ling, an anchovy or drum;
And I assuredly would not at my good fortune rail
If, say, instead of any of these, I had been born a whale!

At other times, in merrier moods, I'm happy as a clam,
And thank my stars, instead of these, that I am what I am!

J. H. B.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER XXIX.

When the news of Charles Ruhl's arrest reached Wylde Hall, John Hopetown, as its present master insisted upon styling himself, was startled into something like groveling for his own safety.

"This means something more than mere suspicion," he had mused. "Ah, the storm is brewing, my friend Charles, clouds are rising in the horizon. How goes our ship now? I fancy I shall have to be pilot after all. Well, well, we might have expected these shoals of quicksand and rocks as well as adverse winds and strong currents that bear the best-managed craft on to its fate-predestined goal. But I must not let you sink; I willingly embarked in the perilous voyage with you, and we will stand or fall together."

It was not often that he was given to meditations of this figurative style. There was plenty for him to do; never till now had he known the immense amount of correspondence a lawsuit entails, besides having to see any number of lawyers' clerks and private-inquiry agents and the rest of it.

This he meant to support his claim was pretty evident to everybody, and, like others, in such cases he had as many sympathizers as had Frank.

The more simple-hearted and ingenuous of mankind—maiden ladies and untutored yokels in particular—looked upon him as a martyr. They could not conceive it to be possible any man could be guilty of so gigantic a fraud, that any man could have the hardihood to personate the dead, as it was reported he was doing, without being at once found out and punished.

There were some sympathizers and believers in the purity and goodness of human nature who were not sparing in their fancy epithets against Francis Craythorpe Hopetown and his friends.

Those of the class cautious and non-opinion-giving would not take the part of one or the other.

"He is somebody who knows a thing or two about the family and the family's friends. He is no stranger. If he isn't the right one he's a relation of some kind, and must be a good deal like the lost heir too."

This was the belief of the last-mentioned class, and perhaps they were the most unprejudiced and on not correct of any.

John Hopetown took active measures to help his friend. He offered bail, and, in the event of not being able to get him liberated until the first hearing of the charge against him, instructed his solicitors to procure a good better or two, and for whom he secretly lodged the money most likely to be necessary.

With feverish impatience he waited for the day to come when he should have his friend freed. To go up to London was his first impulse.

"But then," he thought, "if Charles is liberated he is sure to come down to me with all possible speed. I had better stay here."

And so he stayed, giving instructions that an evening paper was to be brought to him as soon as one could be procured. This may have been soothing to his anxious feelings, but it did not show a great amount of forethought or knowledge of time and space and the activity or punctuality of railway officials, as was soon demonstrated.

Before a copy of the first edition of *The Cackler* could reach Wylde Hall, Charles Ruhl was there in person.

The distressing parting with Amy had wrought a greater change in Ruhl than his temporary imprisonment.

The first was a lasting impression. Her white, agonized face was terribly, visibly portrayed on his mental vision, and the tiny, plump hands which had clung so imploringly round his neck now were tugging at his heart and wringing from it drops of agony, sorrow and remorse.

It made his step heavy, his face a leaden color, and his eyes looked wild and ghastly.

"Charles," said John, "thank Heaven you are safe! Cheer up and welcome a stout heart."

A curiously wan smile flitted over Ruhl's pale face, the old slow smile made weary.

"Safe, for how long?" he said, and John noticed that the clear ring of his voice was gone.

"For aye, as our kilted brethren say," smiled John. "Apropos, I have not yet seen an account of the affair. I felt interested."

"Congreve—Brin—"

"Hush—quiet! Great Heavens! has that paltry affair turned your brains and softened them?" said the master of the hall, turning bloodred and then to the hue of death. "Walls have ears."

Ruhl shook his head.

"I spoke lowly," he said, "and I meant nothing. In the midst of the great danger that is around us it sounds so natural and comes so natural to me to call you by the old, familiar and pleasant name after all."

"All right, old fellow. Don't forget yourself in public. I'll be Brin to you, but only in privacy."

"Don't banter—you do not know yet to what extent the terrible truth has leaked out. Brin, dear old friend, our bark is wrecked; the game is up; we must see what can be done to save ourselves. But bring me some wine; let us get nerve. We must fight for our lives now, for the very elements of earth and the judgment of Heaven are against us."

The terrible earnestness of Ruhl's manner, the despairing glance, the apprehensive gesture implying the magnitude of their trials, of their utter desolation from kith and kin, sobered the easy, flowing personator of John Hopetown, and he changed, as if care had dropped a shadowy veil over him.

He turned away and, striding over to the fireplace, rang for the servant to bring wine. Both men were silent until the servitor returned, and he brought with him the evening paper.

While Congreve—the reader knows it is Congreve, let him therefore keep his name—was mixing grog for himself and uncorking wine for Ruhl, Charles opened the paper and hunted out the report of his own examination.

He soon found it under a substantial heading. Nothing of its terrible interest was lost in the reported abridgment, and the particulars were forcibly set forth.

"Is it there?" asked Brinsley, handing a glass of wine.

"Yes, thanks. Will you read it?"

Congreve took the paper. His face changed as he read the account, and when he had finished he dashed the paper down and turned almost fiercely upon his friend.

"Ruhl," he said. "You have undone me! Why did you keep that accursed letter and those clothes?"

"A morbid infatuation, I suppose; the fiend's promptings."

"What else?"

"Frankly, Brin, I kept them lest you might turn upon me, might wish to kick me off when your purpose was served, and leave me in the cold."

"To hold in terror over me should I have not kept to my sworn compact?"

"Yes."

"How little you knew me, Charles. But I did keep my compact, why did you not destroy them then?"

"I was going home to Kennington to do it when I was arrested. Man proposes——"

"Aye, aye. This is worse than I ever dreamt of."

"Then you see that what I said is correct. We are baffled, our ship is wrecked, Brin. We can afford to leave the money for my princess. Let us do so and get away."

"No—by Heaven, no!" said Brinsley Congreve. "I will not give in."

"Then we must perish. With poor John Hopetown's letter to his friends, the clothes and the children of Edward Temple against us, we should never leave the court again only to be led to prison."

Congreve burst into a loud and mocking laugh.

"Bah! the evidence of Edward Temple——"

"Don't mislead yourself. You say you met him wice—once with Amy, once with Ellen?"

"Well?"

"Accidentally?"

"What else could t have been?"

"Danger. A well-laid trap, Brin—those girls both recognized you."

"As whom?"

"John Hartpool, the visitor and friend I took to heir mother's house."

Brinsley Congreve's hand tightened on his glass and his face hardened.

"Aye," he said, "I had forgotten that. How shallow after all were all our deepest schemes."

"The girls' evidence," continued Ruhl, "is not the worst of it. Do you remember the scars described on John Hopetown's body under the line of 'marks n person?'"

Can I forget it?" replied Brinsley with a shiver.

"Well, then, Edward Temple met John Hopetown, was with him when he received the wound that left one of those scars. By this time he has sent out detectives to hunt up his friends who can also swear o that, and by which they can identify John Hopetown."

"Aye, there is a stronger, higher avenging hand than man's in this, Ruhl. We are lost; but we dare not attempt to give in yet. Apparently we must fight the battle, must be seen about, and then when the opportunity presents itself, escape, if it comes to he worst."

"To the trial and penal servitude?"

"Death rather!"

And Congreve, the reckless, thriftless waif on the world's tide, meant it.

"So be it," said Ruhl, sadly. And then with a gash of tears starting from his hot, bloodshot eyes, he burst forth, passionately: "Oh, Heavent! what have I to live for now? She gone—and Amy—poor, poor child—oh, death! death! be merciful and take me from this grim world of broken hopes, disappointed, blighted love, and dreary, burdensome life. Take back, oh, Heaven! the vital spark thou gavest me. Oh, that one destined as I should ever have seen the light."

"Charles—Charles, old fellow," cried Brinsley, and taking Ruhl to him as he would a brother—a man's pity in such a case is ever sincere—"hush. In time to come, when this dreadful nightmare becomes a mere shadowy dream of the past, a memory, we may find something to live for; greater sinners than we have called their sins necessities, and mercy has been accorded them from above. Wait till we are far away from this land, and then——"

Only a great upheaving of the broad chest and a sob that came like a wail from his tortured soul. But death had no mercy for him yet.

* * * * * *

"Fate is against us. Here is another case of virtue rewarded."

The man-servant at Wylde Hall had just brought in the evening paper and Congreve had just read the case of Hopetown vs. Hopetown in the Court of Probate.

Ruhl had lifted his head wearily from his hands and glanced listlessly at his friend.

"What is it now?"

Mrs. Hopetown has lost the day, and a codicil to Hopetown's will, only just come to light in the form of a sealed packet, revokes in full the legacy bequeathed to Marcus and takes away one-half of the annuity bequeathed to the widow."

"Why should they not suffer too?" said Ruhl.

"It must have been a thunderbolt for them, and it works with the rest to our end."

"What end?"

"That we must get away."

Charles Ruhl smiled his wan smile.

"To have been a physiognomist," he said, "that we shall not escape retribution. It will follow us, Brin. The end of the chapter is not far off. Are there any letters for me?"

"One, I think."

"Thanks. I told the solicitor to forward any that should reach him on to me."

"And —— This is strange, Charles! It bears the postmark of my poor mother's home. Bad news, I suppose. Heavens, how it follows a man! Heaven help the luckless! Read it."

Ruhl broke the seal and read the letter silently. When he had done he gave the letter to Brinsley, who in silence also read it.

The letter was from the trustees managing Congreve's little estate, a somewhat long and painful letter; every passage in it was a dagger-thrust to Brinsley, every line a heart-pang, and he sank back with a groan of agony when the letter was finished.

His mother was dead, but what a death! By dint of careful treatment and the skillful attention of the physician she re-gained some of her mental capacity, at first only by fits and starts, sometimes remaining sane for two or three days.

Later on she improved, and a few months after the epitaph was written on Brinsley Congreve his mother was so much out of danger that the physicians felt justified in pronouncing her permanently cured.

She remembered much of the past, remembered the condition she was left in at her husband's death, began to see after her own affairs, and, above all, to ask for her son, Brinsley. The evasions she met with, the very attempts to conceal the truth from her only made her more persistent in her inquiries.

The truth leaked out one day. A lady friend called upon her to congratulate her upon her recovery, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned the sad fate of her son.

Mrs. Congreve was all attention, asked for particulars, and got from the lady a full account of the supposed suicide. She never spoke after that. A thrilling shriek, that rang through the house, and lived long after in the ears of those who heard it, told how the tidings had affected her. Her reason had gone again, and she died raving mad.

"And I," said Brinsley, when he had read the letter, "was the cause of her dreadful death. Heaven forgive me!"

This letter preyed dreadfully upon his mind. He had no thought nor care for himself now. But Ruhl was detained not to die in chains. His friend's very despair served to renovate his energy, and, while Congreve was gone to write a letter, Charles began active operations for flight.

Money and jewels were packed in a strong case and addressed to an agent in Mexico. The servant had orders to send this and other packets on the morrow. The servant promised to obey.

They had long since agreed, if they attempted flight, to take nothing with them beyond what they wore; to leave the house as if they intended taking a walk.

When Congreve came back to Ruhl he found him dressed to go out.

"Brin, are you ready?"

"Ready for what?"

"To leave here forever. Come, to stay longer is only courting danger. You have nothing to do now?"

"Nothing. All the money I dare touch is banked in another name. I am ready; I care not what becomes of me. Take me where you will."

There was no longer any opposition, no wish to meet the trial and bear out the claim. These two men who had fought so daringly for a fortune not their own were cowed, now that retribution had come upon them in a way that made them feel the solemn, awe-inspiring conviction that it came from a higher hand than that of mortal.

Their sole thought and purpose now was to get away from the shadow of the awful prison. Though all that each had fought and hazarded his life for was gone, snatched from their grasp, they clung to life and to liberty.

Better by far be a wandering exile or laborer, toiling, sinning in every waking hour for daily bread, enjoying the sweetness of existence, than to be a tortured king, or an imprisoned patriot, or poet starving now for the future fame. Better bread and existence than death and a stene.

When these two unhappy young men left Wylde Hall they rambled on towards the railway station. Ruhl had made up his mind to go to London; Congreve had shaved his beard off, leaving only a moustache.

"London is the safest place," Ruhl said. "Once there one can get anywhere. If you wish to escape prison authorities or officials, go and live next door to the prison."

Not waiting for a reply, Ruhl took two tickets for London, and, hearing the signal that the train was coming in, he strolled on to the platform.

The signal lights for the up-train had already changed from red to green, and two white lights glimmered through the night gloom in the distance, gradually drawing nearer. It was coming now in sight.

Ruhl's heart gave a glad throb then. In a few minutes that iron monster would be bearing him away from that sea of difficulties, and then——

There was no time for further brooding; the train dashed into the station. There were but few passengers to take their seats.

Ruhl and Congreve soon got into an empty first-class compartment and shut the door.

All passengers going on had taken their seats, yet the train did not start. Ruhl looked out; the signals were down. Why did the train wait?

"What are they stopping for?" he said peevishly.

At that moment the station-master passed the carriage and looked in as he went. The guard followed him, and placed his hand on the handle of the door.

"Now then, if you are going on. Right ahead, there!"

The whistle was placed to his lips, the door flung open, and in leaped four men.

The door bangs, the whistle shrieks out the start, and is answered by the shrill voice of the engine, and the train starts on, with Ruhl and his friend shut up in this compartment with four powerfully-built, suspicious-looking men.

His heart sank cold and heavy; he glanced at Congreve. He was sitting like one stupefied. The four men exchanged glances and one, taking a photograph from his pocket, glanced from it to Ruhl.

"My friend," said Ruhl desperately, "do you want me?"

"I think so, sir; and your friend from the hall, too."

"I am here," said Congreve. "If you mean John Hopetown."

"That's it, sir."

"But what do you want? We are just going up to London to be at hand for the day the case comes on. We shall be there, my friend," said Ruhl, "when the time comes. Bail is accepted for my appearance, and I shall surrender."

"Sorry to say, sir, that we have warrents to take both of you into custody," said the man, producing a pair of handcuffs. "That's our order."

"You do not want those things; I would rather go to prison than attempt to resist the injustice of these proceedings, whosoever's doing it is."

"Very good, sir; come quiet, and it will be all right. This is an express to London, so we shan't be long. We shall be only too glad to oblige you, gentlemen, in any little war, if we can."

"Trapped," said Ruhl hoarsely, and in German.

"Heaven's will be done," murmured back Congreve, who was, strangely enough, thinking of his mother, the poor sufferer who had come to consciousness only to die in the gloomy realms of uncertainty, where an awful and violent death awaited her.

He was thinking of her, tenderly, sorrowfully, his mind wandering to the little church in which he had often sat in those years long past—the little church in the midst of the fields and now in those realms could picture the cold gray slab raised in memory of his gentle mother, could read her name upon it, and then, like the flitting shadows in our dreams, another cold gray slab would start up beside it, sometimes, bidding, sometimes mingling with it.

But this second one made him shiver. It was the one he had seen—the one that proclained to the world that horrid falsehood—that bore the name of the living and slandered the dead—the gray slab raised to himself.

Anon it bore on his mental vision only his name, and then, vivid as a terrible reality, the date changed, changed to large black figures. He could see them, read them, and by the side of the gray stone stood an angel form as distinctly as if he saw a vision or was endowed with second-sight. The figure was his sainted mother, looking—ah, so sorrowful.

Ruhl, watching him, saw his face close, his face change, a death-like pallor overspread it, and the tightened lips relaxed. A smile gamboled across them, went, came back, and settled there.

Charles did not speak. His own agonized soul was crying out for death to have mercy upon him; the deep religious teaching of his youth forbade him to call upon his Maker.

"Death be merciful!" was his only whispered thought. When he turned his gaze upon Brinsley he was still smiling, his hands being clasped and unclasped. So intensely a violent emotion passed through his frame, his eyes flashed open.

"Mother, in the name of Heaven ——" he suddenly shrieked out.

The sentence remained unfinished; he sank back, with the smile still upon his face and his eyes open.

Ah, no wonder that wild and terrible shriek from the engine dashing on its way, long and continuous, as if its load of three hundred lives were blending into one death-cry, a last appeal to Heaven?

One of the men looks out, starts back, recoils pallid and sick. Ah! the screech is answered, and not from afar. There is a grinding, grating and bounding of wheels; the brakes are on. The engine still shrieks as if in appalled terror. Shriek answers shriek. A painful cry runs along the whole length of the train. Then—O Heaven, shut our ears! that dreadful crash upon crash, rending and splintering of wood, clashing of iron, hissing and rushing of steam, and the death-cries of the poor souls being mangled, dismembered, or ground to death amidst that dreadful wreck!

The horrid, appalling, grinding crash proceeds along the whole length of the train like a file of musketry, commencing at one end and ending at the other with a continuous roll.

The express has run into a goods train. The driver lies dead amidst the wreck of his overturned engine. The stoker is by his side, his death grasp unreleased upon the brake.

The iron tongue of that snorting, panting monster is silent, and the crashing is over. A pyramid of splinters, of wheels and shattered glass, horribly interminxed with human forms, raises its grim crest beneath the purple sky, and the dying and maimed send up one continuous, appalling cry to Heaven for that succor which Providence has so near at hand.

When the light of day came down upon that scene of desolation and death, there lay, side by side, on a rug spread on the platform, a pale, handsome man, with a fair beard and longish hair, and a powerfully-built, sunburnt gentleman, with a large moustache, whose eyes were wide open and upturned, but motionless; whose cold, blue lips were still wreathed in a smile and formed as if for utterance. The last words that had left them were:

"Mother, in the name of Heaven ——"

And they would never speak again.

CHAPTER XXX.

Long before the maimed and the dead had been extricated from the wreck of the train from Berks the news of the dreadful accident was wired throughout the United Kingdom, and the first impressions teemed with accounts of it; one paragraph at the bottom of the full details, as far as then collected, caused a stir at Craythorpe.

"By this train the unhappy young man, Charles Ernest Ruhl, out on bail, who was indicted as the principal in the alleged gigantic Hopetown fraud, in company with the claimant in the case, were being conveyed to London by four plain-clothes officers, one of whom was killed on the spot, as was one of the prisoners. Mr. Charles Ruhl, it is believed, lies in a dangerous state."

"And this," said Edward Temple, "is the end of this brilliant scheme, the vast fraud for which they risked their liberty."

"Retribution has overtaken them in its own way, and they have fallen by higher hands than those of their frail enemies,' said Ellen, to whom he had just read the account of the accident.

"I shall hasten down at once, Nell. If this unfortunate young madman should live a day or two, shall I say anything?"

"From me, Ned?"

"Aye, if the poor, misguided fellow is going home, as the saying goes, a kind word or two might lighten the dark journey."

Ellen turned her pale face aside, and indeed her heart was sad. Now that this dreadful calamity had come upon him, that death was perhaps hovering above his head, she could only think of him as the Charles Ruhl of the peaceful days at the old house at Kennington.

"Poor Charles! Yes, I am sorry for him, from the very bottom of my heart. I shall ever deeply lament the evil influences that led him so bitterly astray. Tell him, Edward, if he is dying, that I forgive him with all my heart, that I will think of him only as we knew him in the days of distress, when he came, bringing the light of his earnest friendship and protection into the house, and, Edward, say that I pray that it was not for my sake that he—he abandoned the path of truth and honor. Bring him to repentance and make his peace, and thank Heaven for thus saving him from the horror of a fate worse, so much worse, than death. Poor Charles, I shall forget his faults and remember only his virtues."

Ellen turned away then and left her brother; her lips were quivering and her eyes were dim. And Edward said no more, but left the room to prepare for his journey.

He saw Frank before he started, and showed him the account of the dreadful catastrophe. Frank's sensitive organization received a shock from which he did not recover more perceptibly in her inquiries.

He, too, was willing to forgive the unhappy man who had been Ellen's friend.

"So I always should have done had he come to me," he said generously. "What I did was compulsory, in sheer self defense."

And so Edward Temple went on his mission of mercy with a lighter heart, and he arrived long before all traces of the disaster were cleared away.

Unhappily for the public, the scene of a railway accident, both at the time and after, is too frequently described by the newspaper reporters to need any description from me. They are all pretty well the same harrowing scenes of horror, death and confusion, the only variation being that sometimes they are of less magnitude than at others.

Physicians had arrived in plenty. The wounded men lay in a waiting-room, to be attended, and, if well enough, to be sent to their homes. The dead had been removed, and those mortally injured taken to the nearest infirmary.

Learning that Ruhl was not amongst those at the station he drove on to the infirmary, and made inquiries there. He was shown into the room where the most dangerous cases were. The very first maimed form and pallid face he saw was Ruhl's, and his heart gave a great throb of pity.

Charles Ruhl, and how changed! Edward Temple gazed upon him and shuddered. His jaw was cut and bruised, and swelled; his limbs lay limp and helpless. His eyes were open and in their consciousness, but he only stared a blank and vacant stare at Temple, when he stood with his head uncovered by the bedside.

"Ruhl," he said, and bent his head low, "do you know me?"

There was a slight movement of the head, a slighter shifting of the eyes; the muscles of the mouth relaxed, and a whispered answer in a hot breath passed the lips:

"Her brother—Temple."

"Are you in pain?"

A groaning sigh and upturning of the eyes were his only answer.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Edward, presently understanding that those dumb motions meant an emphatic affirmation.

"No."

"Poor fellow! I wish I could. I am sorry for you, Ruhl; so is my sister." He seemed to listen attentively at that word, and the smile that was stealing across his lips died away. "She is deeply affected by this horrid accident. She wept for you, Ruhl."

"Sing, fitful fits pity reaches me."

The old love had strengthened the effort to speak, and his voice was quite audible.

"With all her heart and soul!"

Edward then faithfully delivered Ellen's message, and a gladdened glow overspread the dying man's face, and a thankful light came into his eyes. That look meant prayer, though no word passed his lips.

"I am very grateful, very. It is very good of her. You see I am dying—dying all alone. I prayed for death to take pity on me and come to me. It is coming. Heaven be thanked!"

Then after a moment's pause:

"Have you seen him—John?"

"Not yet."

"Poor Brinsley, he is dead; was killed on the spot. You had better take possession of his things. You know him."

"John Hartpool?"

"No. Brinsley Congreve. John Hopetown died by his own act. If I linger on, I will make a clear statement of the facts before a magistrate. O Heaven! Oh, that whirl and crash, those shrieks, they are all clashing in my head."

He moaned slightly and closed his eyes.

The physician arrived at this moment, and, bowing slightly to Temple, looked at his patient.

"He must not talk yet," the doctor said. "Sleep is absolutely necessary."

Edward Temple, in deference to the doctor's opinion, stood apart from the bed. Presently the doctor joined him.

"You are a friend?" he asked.

"In his present state—yes. Do you anticipate his recovery?"

"No. His life is not worth forty-eight hours' purchase."

"Do you think he will rally at all?"

"That is more than probable. In a few hours he may seem very much better, and may remain so just before the last relapse comes."

"Thanks. I want, if possible, to get a magistrate to take his depositions."

"I'll reply enough for that, I believe. An officer in plain clothes will be sent to watch him presently. If so, he will communicate any change in him to me, and if you say where you are to be found he will send you word if the patient wishes to see you. I should not be far away."

"Thanks, I shall not."

When Edward Temple left the infirmary he noticed a man who was hanging about the door. The man's face was familiar, and he seemed to recognize Edward at a glance, for he touched his hat and approached him as if to speak.

He was one of the first detectives Temple had employed in hunting out the facts of the great fraud.

"Well, Blake, you are just the man I want."

"Glad of that, sir. Seen either of 'em?"

"Yes, the living one."

"So had a telegraphed to Scotland Yard."

"I am going to see the other. Where are the dead?"

"Come with me, sir; I've got the things; not much of importance in the pockets excepting a letter addressed to Francis Craythorpe Hopetown."

"Have you got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you had better give it to me.'

"There's an open letter as well, sir—one that was sent by a solicitor to Charles Ruhl—and says something about a Mrs. Congreve dying raving mad."

"I should like to see that; it may throw some additional light on the case."

The detective handed over the two letters. The other property would have to be given up at Scotland Yard.

Edward Temple could not repress a shudder when he entered the presence of the dead—disfigured and ghastly remnants of humanity they were.

Which of the two looked quiet and peaceful, as if he had died without pain, was Brinsley Congreve. In the presence of the detective and another officer, Edward Temple examined the body. The marks that he and many others could swear to as being indelibly stamped upon John Hopetown were not to be seen.

"As I thought," Temple said. "He is not John Hopetown. Heaven! and this is the end of such a gigantic fraud!"

"Our mates got pretty well knocked to pieces," said Blake, "but much in the same manner as he would have said anything else. One is dead; an other aint expected to live, an' it's doubtful whether the other two won't be cripples."

"Poor fellows! no doubt something will be done for their families, if they have any. I shall remain close to the infirmary, or in a tavern near. I wish you would help me a little."

"I am at your service, sir."

"That's it, then; come now with me. A magistrate must be communicated with, and I must be kept acquainted with every change in Charles Ruhl."

"I'll look after it, sir."

"Thanks."

When Edward Temple was alone in a room which he hired at the tavern close by the infirmary he wrote at once to the late Mrs. Congreve's agent, requesting him to come up and see if he could identify the body lying there a mass of burns.

He was careful not to leave a single point out of the evidence that might leave a doubt, should Ruhl not recover sufficiently to make a confession.

But Charles Ruhl's statement alone would have cleared up the whole truth, revealed the whole of the gigantic fraud; and, fortunately, he lived to make that confession, but not until a day or so had elapsed.

Then, by his own desire, a magistrate was fetched, and in his presence, and that of Edward Temple, he revealed the whole truth, and it was long and painfully tedious work to get through it.

"From the time I came in possession of the history of Mr. Hopetown I conceived the wild notion of finding someone to substitute John Hopetown, whom I thought dead beyond all doubt. I traced his movements as long as they could be traced. I left nothing undone, as I thought, to make the knowledge of his doings in early years perfect. I had known him personally, and also his friends and distant relations.

"Early in August I met his old friend Mr. Brinsley Congreve, who was very much like John Hopetown. Congreve was starving. The moment I met him I thought that here was my chance. Adversity and hunger might sap his resolution, and a wild life had blunted his sense of honor and right. I remained with him that day, and at dusk returned to the park to stroll up and down the Serpentine path, that we might talk over old times.

"While we were doing so, our attention was attracted by a loud splash in the water, the falling of a heavy body; we at once hastened to the spot, and there I saw on the bank a man's clothing. Congreve tore off his coat, hat and vest and plunged in the river, and, while he was swimming about to find the person in the water, I was curious to see what a white packet was which lay on the crown of the suicide's hat. I struck a match, and to my astonishment saw a letter addressed to Mrs. or Francis Hopetown, or their solicitors. At the bottom was 'The last from your lost, unhappy relation, John Hopetown.'

"In an instant I possessed myself of this letter, rifled the pockets of the dead man's clothes, and substituted my friend's for them. I never stayed to think. The fiendish impulse came upon me like a flash of light, and I committed the theft in the space of a few minutes. When Congreve came ashore I handed him the dead man's clothes. He never detected the difference until he was in the receiving-house, and then I told him that no one would believe it was a mistake—that if he said a word we should be suspected.

"From that night I kept him away from the receiving-house, but on going myself found a Mrs. Wilkins, his landlady. She went to view the body. The dead man was very much like Congreve; his clothes aided the deception. The old lady swore to him, so did I, and he was buried—he, the real John Hopetown—as Brinsley Congreve."

Then he explained how—as the reader already knows—he made Congreve change his name to Hartpool, how he went abroad, the advertisement in the paper, how he had given Congreve the dead man's watch and rings and pocketbook, the watch which anyone could swear to who had known John Hopetown.

"And I did it under a written agreement that I should have fifteen thousand pounds and a little estate near Henley," Ruhl said, by way of conclusion. "And both for the claiming of Edward Temple, who had met John Hopetown, whom everybody thought dead, we should not have been found out."

It was not until some little time after that the world learned how the gigantic scheme had been carried out, one of the boldest and most enormous swindles ever on record, and yet the straightforward, gentleman-like Charles Ruhl, with his German stolidity and radiant smile, his accomplishments and his energy, was the master mind that did it all. For what? The love he early lost; the ship came home only to be wrecked when his foot was on the deck, and himself to die a mangled, disfigured being, friendless, an outcast, with no tear shed over his death-bed, and but the image of Amy lingering in his death-stricken glance, his fading memory, until the lamp went out; and who then could tell him from the rest who had followed the common lot of all? Peace go with him! If the righteous have their reward, then all the more should they raise a voice to Heaven and pray that he might be forgiven.

THE END.

MY VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY A. B. WOOD.

Who shall I choose for "My Valentine,"
From amongst the maids I know?
Some have dark and waving hair,
And some that curly grow;
One has eyes of piercing black,
And one like sapphires shine;
But none of these I care to take
For my own, "My Valentine."

There's one with a soft and blooming cheek,
And lips of a coral hue,
A voice delicious, full and sweet,
And eyes of heavenly blue;
There's one with a form of Grecian mould,
A bud of a Southern clime;
But none of these I care to take
For my own, "My Valentine."

There's only one I long to have,
And last night I told my tale,
My love for her; and the bloom
On her cheek grew deadly pale;
Then she wept, and I saw the tears
In the moonlight softly shine,
And from my lips I breath'd a kiss
To my own, "My Valentine."

She wept again; I saw the tears
Gather in the eyes of blue,
Soft and bright as the evening stars,
As clear as the morning dew;
I sipp'd them as they slowly fell,
One and one at a time,
And the pearly tears soon ceased to run
From the eyes of "My Valentine."

NEW PLAYS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

"MADEMOISELLE DUPARC."

A new four-act comedy with the above title, from the pen of Louis Denayrouse, was recently brought out at the Gymnase, Paris, French. *The Era* correspondent speaks of it thus: "It is the history of the struggle of two women who dispute between them the heart of a man; one is the wife and the other a governess who has become her friend because she had displayed admirable devotedness during the illness of her youthful charge, a little girl. The first scene acquaints us fully with the position of affairs. The Countess de Meursolles takes the advice of her uncle the Marquis d'Aubignac on a trying incident which had come to her knowledge the night before. She had been told that the governess in the governess' bedroom, was the uncle's ready and proper suggestion, but if she were to do so, M. Denayrouse's comedy would finish before it commenced. Fortunately for the author, the Countess is endowed with a character of superhuman strength. She is one of those religious beings, those ardent devotees, who take peculiar views on matters of everyday life, and though, guilty or not (we see presently that she is spotless), everyone will agree that the governess should be dismissed from the home in which she has sown the germ of unhappiness, some feeling of pity prevents Madame de Meursolles. Here, at the very outset, is the capital defect of the piece. The Countess may, if she pleases, give scope to her religious notions in any other way than this, but in such a situation the devotional feeling that would prevent her doing what the old Marquis unhesitatingly advised, and what any woman among the audience would certainly do in an analogous position, seems unnatural. This flaw clings heavily to the plot throughout, but certainly not fatally. The character of Mademoiselle Duparc the governess is also very indistinctly defined. She is too much of an enigma. We soon discover that the attempt made on her honor by the Count's son has not blinded her passion for him, which is most precious in this world. It is I who bar the way to your goal—I alone stand in your path. Clear away the obstacle. My religion forbids me to take my own life; but the window is high, and I am leaning against it. Can you doubt that I shall not make the faintest resistance, and you will be Countess de Meursolles.' The other recoils, terror-stricken. 'What!' she exclaims, 'you think me capable of a crime?' 'Then, if you dread to go more than half-way,' replies the Countess, 'I know how to complete the sacrifice to the end.' She rushes to the open window, and, just as she is on the point of precipitating herself from it, Mlle. Duparc throws herself upon her, clutching in her arms, as she falls at her feet, the end of her dress. The situation is a thrilling one, and made marvelously effective by the admirable grouping of the two actresses—the one on her knees in white, with the sunshine halo-like above her head, resembling an angel about to take wing; the other crouching on the ground like a black demon, trampled on and vanquished. The whole house burst into a storm of applause. At that moment the nun who has cared for the invalid comes to take Mlle. Duparc to her, confessor. 'Take me with you!' cries Mlle. Duparc, and the curtain falls, leaving us to entertain just as uncertain and unpleasant ideas as to the future harmony of the Count and Countess' home as is the case at the end of 'The Sphinx.' The piece, as acting play, is undoubtedly a great success, but I should not like to predict for it a very extended run. The dialogue is vigorously written, with remarkable precision, and in that clear style which is so eminently dramatic."

"ROSE MICHEL"

is the name of a five-act piece specially written for Mlle. Farguell by Ernest Blum, and first produced at the Ambigu, Paris, in January. It is thus spoken of in *The London Era*: "The heroine is the wife of a little innkeeper at Suresnes, a village close to Paris, whose husband, an old miser, in comparison with whom Harpagon would seem extravagantly generous, has refused to give their only daughter the sum of 200 francs, which are required to purchase an outfit for her wedding with the son of a worthy tradesman. Rose, wearied by her husband's persistent denials, at last resolves to abstract the money from the place in which he conceals his hoardings. A very effective scene ensues between the two, but it is immediately followed by one far more terrible. A certain Count de Grandchamp has come to the *auberge* to ask for a night's hospitality, and he is imprudent enough to let his host know that he has on his person the sum of 100,000 francs, with which next day he intends to leave France for the United States. The cupidity of Pierre Michel is at once aroused, and he forms the idea of assassinating his guest. His guilty project is soon executed, and, fancying himself unseen, he throws the corpse into the Seine. But his crime has had a witness. When he returns, his bloody knife still in his hand, he perceives his wife on the ground raising herself from the fainting fit into which she had fallen at the sight of the murder. Suddenly, in an excess of frenzy, she springs to her feet, seizes him by the cravat, and, dragging him forward, screams 'Murder! Murder!' Pierre, the knife still in his hand, dares not add a second crime to the one he has just committed, and only strives to silence her. This is a realistic scene of the most ghastly description; it makes one's blood run cold and stops the breath, but it is admirably played. Charley is terrible in the ghastly horror of his appearance and attitudes; the twitchings of his mouth and the corpselike pallor of his face bespeak the terror by which he is overcome. Mlle. Farguell is superb in her passionate indignation, and the wild fears that crowd upon her, and when she cries "Murder" the whole house literally trembles with terror. After such a scene as this it would be impossible to lead the action back into more temperate tones. All the other acts of the drama have to pay for the success of this thrilling incident, in which the whole interest of the plot is condensed. An innocent man is accused of the crime, and there is strong circumstantial evidence against him. Rose Michel can save him, for she knows too well who the real criminal is, and she has neither pity nor esteem for him. But she loves her daughter, who is about to marry the son of a man that is too upright to parry with a question of honor. If Pierre be condemned, never will Rose's daughter marry the man she loves, and the poor child will scarcely survive such a blow. Such is the subject of the play, and you can easily see what a source of touching interest is opened to the spectator in the person of this unfortunate mother, whose soul is tortured between her maternal feelings and the voice of her conscience. There is a painful scene between Rose and her daughter, where the former informs herself as to the feelings of the latter about the proposed marriage.

TWO KISSES.

Two kisses: one when day
Sheds its first rose on the bay,
And we kneel a while to pray
That the sovereign Soul of Being, space and light
Will leave us love to cheer
The life which we lead here,
And everything that's dear
To feeling, thought and sight.
Scenes, books, music to enjoy
In all hours of sun and gloom,
Health and vigor to employ
Our souls, that they may blow
Fully, richly, while below;
And still brighter, broader glow
In the life beyond the tomb.

Two kisses: one when fade
From the window, hill and glade,
And the world in its own shade
Cevered half in solemn slumber speeds through space
For a while, without the sun
Shining other lives upon—
Happy, if that we have done
Aught to benefit our race—
Aught our spirits to improve,
From the present, from the past,
In knowledge and in love,
Whose divine sky has no west;
Ere life's daily death in rest,
A night's kiss, sweet and blest,
And calm as 'twere our last.

IN SEARCH OF A DOG.

"Look ns out a good dog, I say, as you are going up to town. You know the kind of thing we want on Dartmoor. A nice bull-terrier is my stamp; and don't be too particular about fashion and pedigree. We must have some bull blood, and we don't care altogether for fox-hunting."

"I understand; there's other game than foxes about here you'd be after, eh? I have heard of badger and polecat hunting in the moonlight, before to-day. But I suppose I may pick up a bit of blood of any kind, if I can find any to be got cheap?"

"Aye, aye; anything good and likely-looking, from a greyhound to a King Charles lapdog. We can always find something to do with dogs on Dartmoor; or, anyhow, we can always find customers for 'em if the figure is not too high."

"The Dogs' Home is the style of establishment for your commission," I'm thinking."

"Never thought of that! Egad, the very place."

But Welter, the man entrusted with this important commission, had seen an advertisement, and, judging that no dog-fancier who did not mean respectable business would venture to rush into print, determined upon calling upon Mr. Brown, with a view to purchasing the celebrated bull-terrier whose description and pedigree were so temptingly published. He chose for the occasion of his visit a Sunday evening when Mr. Brown was holding a levee of canine fanciers. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance and character of the assembled fanciers; they were neither more respectable nor more revolting in demeanor and language than might have been expected from men of their calling. Welter, accustomed from early youth to make himself at home in any society, soon fraternized with the proprietor of a couple of Blenheim spaniels, by way, as he said afterwards, of getting in the thin end of the wedge of introduction. The proprietor of the Blenheims soon discovered that Welter "didn't mean business," but he was pacified into tolerable civility by a present of a strong glass of grog and an offer of a pipe of tobacco.

After getting the wedge of introduction farther into the groove, Welter made the acquaintance of the owner of a bull-dog in a somewhat unceremonious manner. The bull-dog was comfortably ensconced in a corner of the bench, which was plentifully occupied by human and canine occupants, and partially hidden from general view by his proprietor. Welter, in the eagerness to make the acquaintance of this man, who, he had been informed, was a great authority among canine fanciers, flounced bang down upon the bull-dog, whereon a very pretty little shindy ensued. The remarks which followed are "unfit for publication," but the exasperation of the bull-dog proprietor was, fortunately, evanescent, and harmony was restored by the kind intervention of the landlord, who, however, saw his way to considerable increase of gain by Welter's freely inviting the entire company to drink at his expense. Welter from that moment became the honored guest of the evening, and he learnt, consequently, more about dogs generally, and those of the London fancy in particular, than he would otherwise have done in the whole course of his life spent elsewhere.

However much sunken in depravity the general frequenters of the establishment may have been, and whatever may have been their knowledge of canine mysteries and nature, there can be no doubt that Mr. Brown, the proprietor, was the most genuine blackguard of the lot. The liberality of Welter and his transparent "countryism" appealed effectually to the heart of Mr. Brown, who, it may be supposed, very much resembled other landlords in the particular of being communicative and entertaining to open-handed customers.

"Of course," said Mr. Brown, in his most mysterious and confidential manner—indeed, for a landlord it might even be called Grandisonian—"of course, sir, you will not say anything of what you sees here. You won't blow upon the old crib, or let out what I shall tell yer, or what I shall show yer?"

"You may rely upon my not telling anything about it, Mr. Brown."

"Right you are. I thought I might trust to yer discretion, or whatever the right term may be. Now, when you've finished up yer glass, I'll show yer the finest stud of bull-tarryers and stock bulls in all London, let the rest come from where they like."

"I am in want of a nice bull-terrier, Mr. Brown, and that is my reason for visiting your house this evening,"

"Oh, ah! then you've seen my hadvertisement in the papers?"

"Yes, of course; I read the advertisement, and, as the clown says in the play, 'Here we are.'"

"Here we are. Right again. And now, unless you'll take another drain, we'll adjourn to the stud; and that's one to me, as they say in the classics."

Accordingly, they adjourned to the stud, which is a euphemistical manner of saying they went into the back parlor—so dominated by Mr. Brown—the apartment exclusively devoted to the comfort and culture of some dozen or so of the ugliest, and therefore, presumably, the most perfect, "picters" of the different varieties of the bull-dog breed in the universe. The animals were all arranged in cages round the sides of the room, the floor of which was sanded and in cleanly condition, evidently in anticipation of a visit from some intending purchaser of the little terrier. Welter was not what might fairly be called a timid man; on the contrary, his nerve had been proved on many an occasion, and even recently we have seen that he recovered the temporary prostration of courage after sitting down upon a recumbent bull-dog. Naturally, however, he was slightly nervous on entering this den, even after the repeated assurances of his conductor that he would be as safe and comfortable as if he were in his own "drorin' room." It required all the persuasive eloquence of which Mr. Brown was master to make him believe when that gentleman unkenneled the stud; for they, possibly from having instinctively divined his uneasiness, so sniffed and snuffed about his legs, and in other ways showed their suspicion and contempt for him, that he was fain to forego a sight of the advertised specimen, and to make a clean bolt out of the premises.

"Now, sir," said Brown, after a general understanding of perfectly fair dealing between man and dog had been come to; "now, sir, if you would like to see her perform upon a few barn rats, we'll have her and them into my pit in a brace of shakes. She can be backed for money agin anything in London or elsewhere—mind, sir, for pounds, of course."

"On no account, Mr. Brown," replied Welter; "your word is quite a sufficient guarantee for me; and I see Nettle is a very well-bred animal, but something beyond my figure."

"Use of the pit, and the best barn rats, for the purpose of obliging gentlemen, always on hand, and sent to any address on receipt of P. O. order, or check for amount agreed on, on any respectable banker."

"Thank you; I'll remember to inform my friends, and no doubt many will look you up when they come up to London."

"So you want a cheaper article than my Nettle? Well, sir, you can have 'em at all prices; but my recommendation is never to buy a cheap article, from a bull-pup to a gingham."

(Ginger was one of the cheapest articles, and he could be warranted to destroy a fabulous number of rats in a specified time; but, being under the sole fortune of possessing a stain in his pedigree, Mr. Brown could not conscientiously recommend him with that degree of confidence with which he respected the qualifications of Nettle. A deal, therefore, was not effected, and the animals were restored to their berths, but not before—perhaps it is unnecessary to say—the palm of Mr. Brown had been pecuniarily greased.

"Now, sir, I'm going to show you a curiosity worth looking at." And, so saying, he conducted Welter into a back-yard, and there showed him such a curiosity as probably he will be never forget. It will be observed that the landlord's manner of speech and accent had been improving. He repeated his request that the subject of the curiosity might on no account be suffered to "transpire" through the mediation of his visitor. Promise being again made that no mention should be made of any curiosity, that article was produced from a barrel and exhibited for inspection. It consisted of a large-sized bull-terrier of a brindled color, and had evidently once been a handsome dog of its kind. At that moment, however, he presented a hideous spectacle. The dog had been fighting, and had won his battle, some days previously, but had been mangled in the encounter horribly. He might, in short, have been not inaptly compared to a canine pin-cushion, such punctures and tooth-holes were upon him. Welter and the landlord stood speechless for a few moments, the latter apparently enjoying the unfeigned astonishment of the former.

"Well, that is a horrible sight, Mr. Brown," at length remarked Welter; "that dog has been fighting, hasn't he?"

"Fighting he has, as you observe. Twenty-five quid a side, and that dog came off victorious."

"The other dog, then, must have been a precious worse sight, if that could be possible."

"I couldn't be possible, I reckon, if he'd a-lived, but the other animal didn't live. He died, and so may this one yet, though I'm in hopes to pull him through this bout."

"But," said Welter, "I thought nothing but a thoroughbred bull was of any use in such battles."

"Then you thought wrong, and don't know anything about dog-fighting, whatever you may about other things."

Welter felt rather proud of confessing his entire ignorance of the art and science of dog-fighting, and from this specimen of it he made a vow—a mental vow from prudential considerations—that he would never seek a further penetration into its mysteries.

"The other dog," continued Mr. Brown, "was a thoroughbred bull-dog, but he was no match for Pincher."

"How was that?"

"Lor' bless yer! a bull-dog will catch hold and die sooner than give in, but a half-bred 'un will loose his hold and tear t'other's heart out in no time, don't you see?"

"But the other dog must have loosed his hold times out of number to have done all that mischief."

"Aye, aye, what you say is right enough. He was a rum 'un, and they wasn't going to fight my Pincher with a duffer when they'd got such a lump of money on."

"But weren't you afraid, when you knew he was such a good dog, to fight him with Pincher, who is only half-bred?"

"Not I; I knowed pretty well what I was about, and had old Pincher put through the mill with my bull-dog, as you might have seen in the back-parlor—Snuggler we called him. I wasn't going to risk my money on a dog-fight any more than the others, until I'd put Pincher through the mill, for I stood all the twenty-five quid clean out myself, and put my pals on for what I knowed was a good thing."

"Then you must have fought the dog nearly to death before matching him for the late encounter—had a sort of deadly rehearsal before performing before the general public, eh?"

"Pretty much that kind of thing, sir. That's the only use I makes of Smuggler; but he's a rare schoolmaster for the young 'uns—sets 'em rather longish lessons, and never spares the punishment; always serves out the work, and never stints the wages."

"And, I suppose," remarked Welter, "fights of this sort generally end in death for one or the other?"

"You suppose right, sir. Not exactly, though, for they don't generally end in death, but they *always* do; it is the terms of the engagement, and it's a lucky thing for the winner if his dog don't kick too. But, you know, us chaps don't fight for anything but money; we don't care for seeing the game of the dog for mere sport, such as cutting off their fore-joints, and making 'em run at a bull on their stumps."

Even a professed dog-fighter, then, had some not clearly defined notions of cruelty to dumb animals; and Mr. Brown himself, though quite and always ready to see two dogs worry and tear themselves to death, was not prepared to go beyond a certain line in barbarity. Even he knew that "the line must be drawn somewhere."

Declining with much politeness an invitation to supper with Mrs. Brown—a lady who, in the expressive language of her husband, was "a regular Tartar and no flies about it"—Welter took his leave of the place and the company, quite satisfied with the instructive sights he had beheld, and resolved to enter no more "cribs" to inspect bull-dogs, even to oblige the dearest of friends. On the Monday morning he paid his intended visit to the "Dogs' Home," at Battersea, and found at last the kind of dog he wanted. He was permitted an inspection of the most heterogeneous collection of dogs, of all sorts, sizes, and breeds, to be seen anywhere except at a great metropolitan or Birmingham dog-show, and soon made a selection of a bull-terrier for his friend at Dartmoor. Of course he got no pedigree with his purchase, but being a tolerably good judge, he knew he had got at least a great bargain in a "varmint"-looking animal, with correct marks and symptoms of blood, for a trifle of five shillings. But what mostly took his fancy was a handsome-looking black-ticked female greyhound, and he became the possessor of this animal for no larger sum of money than ten shillings, a price perfectly ridiculous for such a nice-looking creature. No pedigree again with her, because, of course, the dogs in the establishment are mostly picked up by policemen from the street, or are brought in by railway porters or any benevolent individuals who may chance to come across them, and have heard where they may be taken care of. But, no doubt, Welter thought he had got hold of a genuine scion of the house of McGrath, and lugged it through the streets to his lodgings with all the pride of a man about to contend for the Waterloo Cup itself; and he was much gratified with the attention he received from sundry groups of street-boys who made many complimentary allusions to the "bloke as was going to earn a penny by selling dorgs."

The bull-terrier was sent off from Paddington that night, but the greyhound Welter intended taking down himself and keeping for his own small kennel. It was a disastrous pursuance of this plan, after all, for the animal had a disease in the nose, which made her snort and sniff in a very objectionable manner before company. She also made such a tremendous row in the night that Welter had notice to vacate his lodgings without loss of time; and he became so disgusted that he offered the greyhound as a present to anybody that would take a couple of dogs off his hands, to say that in his opinion, as a man of great sporting experience, she would some day turn out to be remarkably clever. Not, however, with this highly spiced recommendation would anybody take her at a gift, without a pedigree. "Greyhounds are not worth their keep," people would say, "unless you can give a good pedigree, and that must be one of winning stock." In sheer despair at last, poor Welter gave away the greyhound to a vender of fish, for he dared not face the ridicule of his sporting friends after such an escapade. Unfortunately, Welter forgot to give the fishman the certificate of purchase from the Dogs' Home, and the consequence was that within a few hours after having accepted this valuable present the fish-merchant was accosted by the owner of the greyhound, as he came past the stall. The former not being able to give a satisfactory account of the dog's being in his possession, he was then and there handed over to the tender mercies of the policeman in the corner. Not knowing where Welter lodged, and the ticket not being forthcoming, it would probably have gone hard with the poor fish-merchant had not Welter fortunately passed the stall again in the evening, and, being recognized by the man's wife, who was transacting business during her husband's absence, he was told the pitiful story of that gentleman's incarceration. Of course he was soon set at liberty on the production of the certificate, whereupon he roundly abused Welter for being a rogue, and the dog was returned to the original owner upon the payment of the purchase-money and the making of a handsome douceur to the principally aggrieved party. And so ended Mr. Welter's search for dog, for the time. He is very silent on the painful subject, except when among his most intimate friends.

HOW TO CONDUCT YOURSELF In a Horse-car.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY SI SLOKUM.

I. Get on a horse-car, if full (the car, not you), and the platform crowded, the best way you can, *but get on*. Work through the crowd and get inside, where "something may turn up" for you in the shape of a seat. By judiciously employing your hands and elbows, and not stepping as though on eggs, you can work through the crowd more easily than you think, men with corns and tender stomachs yielding before your determined advance.

II. While the other passengers growl and frown, perhaps swear (some people are *so* "unreasonable," you know), they will be forced to acknowledge you as "pushing fellow," and one found to make headway in the world. They won't *openly* acknowledge this, to be sure, but you know they do so inwardly, and are satisfied, having gained your point.

III. Once inside, your object is to get a seat as soon as possible; therefore keep your "lamps" trimmed, remembering that, if you don't look out for yourself, nobody else will—barring your creditors. If a gentleman gets up to leave the car, anywhere near you, go for" the seat at once, the fact that two or three ladies have been standing longer than you not making the slightest difference; you are "looking out for number one," *you* are, and the ladies—well, they are nothing to you, anyhow, are they? The three could not sit in that one seat, and to select one, and offer it to a seat to her, would be most invidious, so it would. Having got "planted," take out a paper and read.

IV. If a gentleman gets up with the evident intention of abdicating his seat in favor of a lady, slip into it if possible, and direct your attention to the other end of the car, or bury yourself in a newspaper—you may have been mistaken as to the purpose of the gentleman, you know. If not, the lady won't say anything (if she "looks daggers," you won't see them), and the gentleman will show his good breeding, probably, by abstaining from making a "muss" about a little thing like that, particularly if you are a man of greater or superior physique.

V. If, however, he should be so rude as to expostulate, and insist that he got up to give the lady his seat, don't "talk back," and thus inaugurate a "war of words," but plunge deeply into the contents of your paper in pursuit of intelligence, as being of more importance to you than the lady's anger dispute, giving him a brief, vacant stare at the outset. He may possibly mutter something about "hog," to which you will pay no attention, however, taking no interest in these pachydermatous mammals, remembering the while that no man ever achieved success without achieving more or less enmity.

VI. If you are seated in a car just comfortably filled, all the seats being occupied, and a weak and wan-looking woman with a babe and bundle gets in, there is no necessity for you to bounce up and give your seat to her; at least, you are under no obligations to do so—"not by no means." There are plenty more cars coming right along, and she might have waited, and that she didn't is no fault of yours; therefore there is no reason why you should inconvenience yourself to accommodate her because she saw fit to take that particular car. If you catch an appealing glance from her, don't weaken and give way to it; mawkish sympathy, but plunge into your paper with redoubled vim to solve the Spanish problem—you will have a nice time with it—which you could not do so well standing.

VII. If, however, a handsome young lady, elegant and dashing, enters the car—why, that alters the case, you know; and there is no law compelling you to retain a fixture in your seat, but you have the indubitable right to get up and offer it to her politely, even insisting upon her taking it if she hesitates, which, probably, she won't do, but drop into it as though she had a claim upon it, without acknowledging your courteous act, there being nothing in the "Bill of Rights," "Woman's Rights," or "Declaration of Independence" requiring her to do so—not a word.

VIII. If you are one of those "unreasonable" mortals who think that a lady (young and handsome) should servilely acknowledge as courtesy what is a plain and bounden duty, and you would not be sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of having performed that duty, and by a look at her face and finery, do not by any means get up, but keep your seat and wrestle on with that Spanish problem.

IX. In Winter, and you have on a good, stout overcoat ("Ulster"), open the window behind for fresh air, and not ride three miles, more or less, breathing the vitiated vapor of fifty human breaths. You will not only be taking care of your own health by so doing, but that of your fellow-passengers, though some of them may not see it in that light just then, and the parties on your right and left may be so unreasonable as to complain and grumble in consequence.

X. Let them grumble if they wish to (some people do so delight in grumbling), simply remarking that you don't propose to breathe a poisoned atmosphere for an hour, if they do, not when pure air can be had by dropping a window—if you know yourself, and you think you do. If they continue to growl and make themselves disagreeable, ignore them entirely and keep the window open, serenely conscious of benefiting them against their will. If they are so boorish as to suggest the front platform, or a walk up home for one so desirous of fresh air, treat their sarcastic remarks with the silent contempt they deserve, and —keep the window down.

XI. If you strike a car that is not full, get into a corner if you can, with your back to the end of the seat, and your feet on the cushion. If you have some distance to ride, settle yourself for a "snooze," which won't argue that you are a "snoozer," you know. If the car fills up, you won't be disturbed, but can "snooze" on, keep "snoozing," passengers preferring to stand rather than incommode you—won't they?

XII. Now and then, as a matter of course, one of those disagreeable and selfish beings, who never respect the rights of others, will get in and "go for you," selfishly insisting upon sitting down, your desire for a "snooze" to the contrary notwithstanding, in which case you will feel constrained to yield him a seat, particularly if the disagreeable being is a "better man" than you, muscularly speaking. Try this, as it is a very comfortable way of sitting; and in rainy weather, by keeping your feet on the seat, you won't be so liable to take cold as though you kept them in the wet straw or on the wet matting—you see it, don't you?

XIII. If you are one of the "lively" sort, and given to the enjoyment of the "cup" sufficiently to make you jovial, and not stupid or quarrelsome, you can, particularly if you have a "boon companion" with you, greatly enliven and amuse a crowd in a horse-car, usually the stupidest set to be found, and make the voyage uptown or down exceedingly agreeable to the proverbially staid passengers, who will highly relish your *delicate* jokes and boisterous laughter—indeed they will.

XIV. If you quiz the passenger remarking in a facetious and witty (?) way concerning their peculiarities—Adam's apple, "bugle" (nose), that man's "valises" (boots), another man's red head, this woman's freckles, that woman's pug nose, another woman's big hand—you will greatly amuse them, thus relieving the dreary dullness that, as a rule, obtains in a horse-car; while, if you should sing (?) some rollicking song, you will charm and captivate completely your fellow-passengers, who would hate to part company with you—*they* would. Try it.

XV. If of a loquacious turn, you can edify the passengers with an account of a dog or prize fight which you witnessed, or even a cock-fight, giving minute particulars of the affair, showing your acquaintance with the rules in the case, technicalities, slang terms, etc. This will be an agreeable entertainment for the listless passengers, usually so insufferably dull in a horse-car; and if you talk loud, emphasize and round your periods with an oath, you will be the hero of the hour and the "cynosure of all eyes," and can have no conception with what feelings you will be regarded by your fellow-travelers—not a concep. They will wish you were an "angel"—yes, they will, my boy.

XVI. If you have a cigar about or more than one-third smoked when you strike a car, don't throw it away, but keep it in your fingers till it goes out, when you can place it between your lips, if you like, as you have an undoubted right to do, the rules of the railroad company not forbidding. The aroma of a half-smoked cigar, when the latter is out, may be distasteful to some in the car; but because their olfactories are so delicately and sensitively made is no reason, as we look at it, why you should throw away fifteen cents' worth of tobacco to please their fastidious noses. No; remember, my boy, that economy is wealth and waste is want, and so hang on to your cigar, and let the offended noses wince.

XVI. If you chew tobacco, and the car is crowded with "standees," you may possibly, in spitting, soil a lady's dress or gent's pants or boots; but that, certainly, is no fault of yours, as, if the railroad company took no more passengers than could be seated, you could spit without damage to anyone. And why, because the company sees fit to overload the cars to suffocation, so that you cannot spit comfortably—why should you forego your "chew?" To this conundrum, echo answers, Why? There is not the slighest reason why you should thus deny yourself; therefore chew, and spit without detriment to any, if you can; if not, why you must spit—that settles it, don't it?

XVIII. In Summer-time, stand on the front platform and smoke your pipe, as is allowable. The inside passengers will be regaled with the aroma of the burning narcotic as the fumes from your briarwood or clay are wafted through the car; and the sweet consciousness, on your part, that they are enjoying the delectable fragrance of the weed you smoke will be more than equivalent to the expense of the tobacco burned. Seafaring and immigration may avert from them the smallpox or other infectious disease—*they* can't tell, you know—and you will thus become a public benefactor. See it, eh?

XIX. There are other things you can do in a horse-car, and make yourself agreeable, which will readily suggest themselves to one of ready mind and quick perception, and therefore it is unnecessary for us to mention them, having called your attention to the leading points of "horse-car etiquette."

As for the ladies (God bless them!), they need no instructions in etiquette, being an fait in this as in everything else. We would simply suggest, however, that they should occupy as much room as possible in a horse-car, spread out their dresses to the fullest extent, and not crowd together, as they usually do, when other ladies get in, thereby rumpling and disarranging their silks and satins, besides making themselves uncomfortable by crowding so close together. Bear this in mind, ladies, and you will "owe him one"—the author.

ROBERT HOUDIN'S AUTOMATA.

One of the greatest conjurors of modern times was undoubtedly the late Robert Houdin. Other *prestidigitateurs* have been the guests of kings and emperors, but he was the first of his craft who was deliberately given a government commission to exhibit his feats for an official purpose of much moment. This was when he visited Algeria, expressly under Napoleonic sanction, to prove to the Arabs that their medicinemen and prophets were but the clumsiest of operators in sleight-of-hand, as compared with the Europeans, their conquerors. They marveled and they submitted—at least for the time.

Robert Houdin deserves great credit for his having brought electricity into harness as a handmaiden of the conjuror. He and Robin introduced nearly all the sterling tricks in the present stock, though others may have usurped the title of inventors.

But before all, thanks to his having been a watchmaker in early life, Robert Houdin was an ingenious mechanician. In earlier times he would have been a Regiomantus or Vaucanson, or chosen one of all Europe to repair Kampelen's chess-player, which startled our fathers in the States, though then in the throes of a Presidential election. He improved the automaton secretary so that its answers, in writing, to the subtlest queries of Louis Philippe and his court, startled them all. This figure, or a duplicate, was in Barnum's old Museum, I believe.

One son of the magician was slain in the late Franco-German war; the other, a young man with something of his father's rather melancholy and studious air, is associated with the leading conjuror of Paris, M. Brunet, who introduced the three-headed nightingale—a young lady with three heads apparently joined on the one neck, singing, talking and laughing separately or together.

Mr. Robert Houdin the younger holds an exhibition of automata, and other marvels of mechanism, which include the usual singing birds, rope and other dancers, jugglers and so on; but even these are distinguished by a perfection and neatness of execution rather rare. Several of the objects figured in that wonderful palace as of the Arabian Nights, the mansion which Robert Houdin built, containing the very latest discoveries in science utilized for domestic convenience, as well as for the surprise of an innocent guest. He mentions in his "Memoirs" how the letters left by the postman at the garden gate are carried into the master's study by an unseen route; how tables appear with the meal, cards, newspaper or book desired, at a guest's bed or sofa side; how the turning-on of the gas ignites it; how a guest is helped into his overcoat at the street-door by the mechanical arms of the hat-stand—in fact, all that possible assistance which the year 1900 will probably know, and which we might all enjoy if capital was not such a laggard behind ingenuity.

"The Grand Egyptian Conjuror" of Robert Houdin Jr. is a figure about eight inches high, seated at a richly-ornamented table. The table, though in miniature, comprises in elaborate working order all the traps, sides and pistons known, enabling every sleight-of-hand trick in vogue to be performed by the figure with a celerity, noiselessness and precision which many a human operator may well envy. The grave, interested air of the magician as he follows by movement of his cups or wands his hand to direct the spectator's attention to the wrong quarter, like a true member of the magi; his roll of the eyes in triumph when he has successfully proved to you that the solid black ball put under a cup can turn into a canary bird at a moment's notice, are full of humor more often found in English and German toys than in French ones.

"The Evening Prayer" represents a woebegone saint in a cave of his hermitage, with his emaciated hands reverently clasped in prayer and holding his beads. As the far-off tinkling of a bell is heard, the hermit bows his head, lips move, minute though they are, for a figure three would not overtop six inches, and he crosses himself without omitting even one of the prescribed gestures. If the Orientals, who invented the praying-mill, by which one's ovations could be turned out by a crank, had this Jerome in life-size, they would make a high priest of him in that matter.

"The Chinese Knife-throwers" is a tableau wherein two figures no higher than your finger is long, go through all the performance of the celebrated dagger-impalement exercise introduced to the outer barbarians within a lifetime. One unhappy John Chinaman stands against a broad board, with extended limbs, and another, with a perverse knife to each childlike and bland, flings a sheaf of knives at him, one by one. An ingenious device gives an air of reality to the cast of the knife, which enhances the illusion to the highest point. An accompaniment of genuine Chinese music—that is, about as genuine as M. Offenbach's Chinese-Hibernian tunes from the pedestal of this noteworthy trick-piece.

"Indians crossing the Niagara River by the Falls" is a moving picture of much merit. On a raft, which is tossed livelily by a tumultuous stream, several Indians are striving to keep their footing whilst paddling their life canoe. The faces are nicely modeled, though about the size of hazel-nuts, and the movements of the limbs have none of that jerky action which blemished the old-time puppets and marionettes.

"St. Anthony's Temptation" is amusing. The Job-like martyr kneels praying as a long procession of temptations, after Millet, Teniers, Callot and other painters, defile through his gloomy cell. His face changes expression in harmony with his attitudes as the objects vary from merely sensual delight to more elevated ones.

In "The Attack on the Traveler," a condensation of the old school of melodrama in one scene, there is first shown a country road with a ruined castle to the left, a bridge over the way at the back, and a hedge to the right, ending in a stone cross in the foreground, where sits a beggar. Music is heard throughout the action. A traveler in cloak and broad-brimmed hat, with a long sword hanging against the calves of his legs, makes his appearance at the corner, and advances under the bridge. The beggar takes off his hat to him and holds it out for his charity. The traveler, however, threatens to pass on without being generous, when the beggar waves his hat by way of signal. The wayfarer pauses and turns round suspiciously. The distant music of a robber's song is heard. A small window in the ruined wall flies open, and three or four murderous hands and arms are thrust forth; two hold pistols which fire, and the traveler falls, with his hand—too late—upon his sword, a dying man at the feet of the mendicant. The beholder, perhaps, in accordance with his remembrance of the bowl and buffboot drama, expects the latter to spring to his feet, throw off his tattered cloak and display his commanding person incased in a brigand leader's splendid "costume," not to say, shout: "Ha, ha! 'tis I, Rinaldo Rinaldini, alias Massaroni of the Cutthroat Pass!" but peradventure this were too much to expect from even the mechanical talents of a Robert Houdin. As it is, this is the nosegay of the collection, which—who knows?—Mr. Barnum will have already secured for his new museum.

HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

The Story of a Shipwreck.

The Mr. Barkum thus addressed—a jolly old trader—replied with a grin:

"What shall I tell you, miss?"

"I don't know. As we are on the sea, tell us a story of shipwreck—but not a melancholy one."

"Never told one in my life, miss."

"But you have been shipwrecked, have you not?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Barkum, "sure-ly, yes, miss, sure-ly. Why, I was shipwrecked here," with a broad wave of the arm which included the whole Atlantic.

"You don't say so, Mr. Barkum. Do tell us all about it. What did you do?"

"Well," said that gentleman, "we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights, and then we took to the boats. And after we took to the boats we was tossed here and we was tossed there for three days and three nights more—and very cold and very wet we were. Then the victuals fell short; and for three days and three nights we had nothin' to eat and nothin' to drink, and very hungry and very thirsty we were."

Here Mr. Barkum made a long pause. Miss Graham said;

"And was there no vessel to pick you up, Mr. Barkum? How did you manage?"

"Well, miss, we burnt printing, and made a fire in the dripping-pan that the black cook would not leave behind. Then we cast lots, and the lot fell on the steward; so we stewed—"

"Good heavens, Mr. Barkum!"

"Yes, miss, we did indeed. We stewed his boots—Wellingtons. The tops was the tenderest. Then we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the black cook; so we stewed his pumps; but they was unsatable, though the soup kept us alive ten days. After that we cast lots again, and the lot fell on the captain, and we stewed his water-boots; but they was tremendous tough, surely."

At this point Mr. Barkum was interrupted by a general shout of remonstrance.

"Well," says he, "when a lady tells a man she wants the story of a shipwreck, what's he to do? I told the very best I could."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

DRIFTING INTO SORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY G. B. HARCOURT.

Is there no hand to guide me the right way?
No warning voice to tell me of to-morrow?
No faithful friend to bid me pause and stay
When I am slowly drifting into sorrow?

He whom I fondly love is far away,
Nor can I from his bright glance sunshine borrow.
Ah! why, then, does he thus so long delay
When I am sadly drifting into sorrow?

If I but knew he loved me I would pause,
And gladly, fondly wait for any morrow;
But no; alas! he ne'er has given me cause
To keep me back from drifting into sorrow.

A WOMAN WITH A TRIO OF HUSBANDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Quantern were a model couple—at least, so far as outward appearances went. They had hardly passed through the delights of their honeymoon when they came to St. Louis and took up their residence in a neat little house on Market street. He was a manly looking and acting fellow, and the solicitude with which he watched over his petted wife was made the subject of many a candle lecture by wives who had long since failed to secure the affectionate chuck under the chin, and whose ears had not been gladdened for years with the sound of pet names upon the return in the evening of their lords and masters. Single men, as they passed the cosy little home of the Quanterns, and heard the sweet voice of the little housewife as she merrily chirped while flitting here and there in the performance of her household duties, or saw her fairy-like form as she stood in the doorway peering anxiously down the street to catch a glimpse of her lover-husband, or watched the tender greeting she extended to him upon his return home, straightway bent their thoughts upon matrimony, and cast their eyes among the young ladies of their acquaintances to see who among them would be likely to make their home such a heaven.

A year passed, and through the frugality and good management of the wife, and the energy, industry and steadiness of the husband, a neat little sum was found placed to their credit at one of the banks. The future looked so bright to them that they made up their minds to build themselves a little house of their own. Money they had sufficient to borrow to a house large enough, and furnish it well enough to suit their simple tastes, and it was with a light heart and elastic step that Mr. Quantern proceeded to the bank, drew his money, and paid for building materials and a lot. He saw in his mind's eye a home blooming as an Eden, and he was impatient for the work to be begun. With the receipt for the building material and the deed for the lot carefully tucked in his inside vest-pocket, he turned his face homeward, to place them in the keeping of the little bird for whom such a pretty cage would be shortly built. On entering his house, he was surprised to find that his wife had company, and that, too, in bed. There was a stout lady sitting up having taken place. He looked from the stranger to his wife, and from his wife to the stranger, in the hope that one of them would volunteer an explanation; but as neither of them seemed disposed to enlighten him, he approached his wife and demanded that she tell him who her visitor was. She replied that it was his presence should no agitate her. The wife shrank from his penetrating gaze and answered only in sobs. Great fear took possession of his soul as he turned to the stranger, and, in tones of thunder, demanded of him a reason for his unwelcome presence. "Well," replied the latter in an aggravatingly cool, unconcerned tone of voice, "I had this to say to what you might make such a demand." "By what right?" shrieked the infuriated husband, "by what right? by the right of being that woman's husband, sir! her husband! do you hear?" "Yes, I hear," replied the visitor, unmoved by the vehement tone and manner of the man before him; "yes, I hear, but I decline to admit that you possess any such rights, on the ground that I am that lady's husband," at the same time pointing to the cowering woman in the corner, who fell forward in a dead faint as he uttered these words. "Her husband," said the completely dazed husband No. 2, "her husband! Is that true?" "It is," said husband No. 1, "and here are the proofs," taking from his pocket as he spoke a marriage certificate and a certified copy of the entry upon the church records. The proof was conclusive, and yet Quantern could not believe it. He scanned the documents carefully in the hope of discovering some deception, but he could not, and, with his brain reeling, he staggered to the door, gasping for breath, and passed out of the house. The stranger followed him. He could see by pitying the man, his agony was so intense. He took him by the arm, and led him unresistingly down the street out of sight of the little cottage, and told him how the woman they had just left was a mere adventuress; how he had married her in one of the Eastern cities; and how, after a brief season of unstable happiness, he had learned that she had another husband living, whom she had deserted without any just cause; how she had disappeared upon learning that her past life had been unearthed; how he had that day seen her upon the street; how he had followed her to her home to find that another had been victimized. These revelations deadened the love Quantern had for his wife, though they did not entirely take the pain from out his heart. The two returned to the now desolate house to find that the guilty woman had flown, leaving no trace behind her. The two husbands found solace for their wounded hearts in each other's company, and they are to-day associated together in business, and are regarded as the leading business men in a certain business street in this city, and their reputation for energy and business tact is only exceeded by that of their utter detestation for anything that wears a petticoat.—*St. Louis* (Mo.) *Sunday Mirror*, Jan. 31.

AN AGED DECEIVER AND HIS NOT OVERYOUTHFUL VICTIM.

Mr. E. G. Hutchinson is a leading merchant of the stirring village of Phœnix, Oswego County, and is reported to be worth about $100,000. He is said to be about fifty years old, and within a few years he became a widower, at the time having grown and married children, who also have offspring. It is reported that not long after the death of his wife he began calling rather frequently on Miss Cornelia Hall, a lady aged thirty years and a neighbor of his, who is represented to be a woman of good sense and refinement, but not rich. We understand it to be claimed that when Mr. Hutchinson began calling on Miss Hall she had various other gentleman callers, who were in the habit of visiting her and paying her various attentions. It also is alleged that Mr. Hutchinson noticed this, and one day requested to Miss Hall that he meant business, and matters to that effect, and that it might be well to drop the other gentlemen and allow him a monopoly of the business. It is alleged that she reminded him of the disparity in their ages and circumstances, but that he urged her to overlook all that, and that she would talk the thing over with her relatives and friends and see what they thought of it. She claims to have done so, and that they advised her to comply with Mr. Hutchinson's request, and that thereupon she dismissed all other gentlemen, and considered herself substantially under engagement. Mr. H., it is alleged, became quite devoted, and in the course of their drives about the country pointed out to Miss Hall, with pride, his several and numerous landed possessions, some of which, it is stated, the town-assessors had not heard of before. After a time, the allegation is, a widow from Watertown, about Mr. Hutchinson's age, but yet handsome and vivacious, and worth $30,000 in her own name, came to visit relations in Phœnix. One day she accompanied a lady relative to the Hutchinson store to do some shopping, and there was introduced to Mr. Hutchinson. The trading being finished, the lady relative invited Mr. Hutchinson to call some evening, which he did, and the Boston widow very engaging company, repeated the dose several times. He then seems to have become aware that there was considerable talk in the community about him and Miss Hall; at least it is alleged that he told Miss Hall so, to which she said that she had heard that the gossips were middling busy about the difference in their ages, etc., but she supposed they must talk about somebody, and it was his and her business, anyway, and she didn't feel disturbed about it unless he did. She claims that he said that he didn't care anything about it if she didn't, but he thought he'd speak about it; and, after all, wouldn't it be just as well for him to pay a little attention to some other ladies, play off a while, and so throw the gossips off the scent, and then, when they got ready, they could go off, sudden-like, and surprise everybody? To this view it is said that she replied that he must do as he saw fit, and then, it is alleged, he saw fit to pay a little attention to the Watertown widow, and all of a sudden one day Phœnix woke up and found he had married her and $30,000. Miss Hall was rather surprised, and from the subsequent proceedings it is inferred that she felt rather hurt and damaged. At all events, she has commenced a suit for breach of promise against Hutchinson, laying her damages at $15,000. This case was noticed for trial on the calendar of the Circuit Court now sitting, but was put over the term. We understand that Mr. Hutchinson claims that there was never any engagement between himself and the plaintiff in this case, and that she has no just cause of action against him."—*Oswego* (N. Y.) *Palladium*.

A HORRIBLE CASE OF INCEST.

A case of incest of a most revolting nature has come to light in South Boston, and the perpetrator of the crime is under arrest and bids fair to get his just deserts. The man's name is Timothy Davis. He formerly resided in Lynn, but last November he removed to No. 109 Bowen street, South Boston, and has lived there ever since. He is in the employ of Lilly, Pratt & Co., 127 Federal street. In the same house lived another family, whose name for obvious reasons is withheld, but who did not live happily together, quarrels between the mother and her stepdaughter, who for convenience we will call Carrie, being frequent. As a result of this quarreling the parents left the house, while Carrie

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Feb. 22.

LADIES' LIST.

Avery, Carrie
Alleyn, Kittie
Angell, Lottie (2)
Berrell, Mrs. Mary L.
Bateman, Alice (2)
Brevoort, Kate
Bernard, Laura (vocalist)
Burdeau, Mrs. M.
Barrind, Mrs. Ann
Byrnes, Kate
Bender, Mrs A wa
Bush, Dora
Barrett, Mrs. Emma
Cerito's Fem. Minst. Manager
Cushman, Charlotte
Castello, Eva (gymnast)
Colten, Mrs. M.
Clifton, Viola (2)
Coleman, Alice & Coe, Emma V.
Delmay, Lu-lu
Debonaire, Mrs. Jeannetta
De Wells, Kittie
Danielle, Lillie
Davis, Mary E.
Deardon, Fannie
Du Bois, Nina (2)
Duval, Carrie
Abbey, Hy. E.
Archer, Chas. (au-thor)
Allen, Johnny
Adams, Edwin (actor)
Adams, Thos. (minstrel "biz")
Allen, Wm. M.
Arnold Bros.
Armstrong, Harry
Anderson, (of Neil-son Dram. Co.
Anderson, A. (of J. Murphy's Co.)
Adonf, Octave
Archer, Jno. W.
Barnabo, Adolfo (3)
Beedle, C. C.
Buckley & Phipp (2)
Battle, Frank C.
Barnes, C. B.
Brown, S.
Bergan, E. S.
Benjamin, Harvey
Byron, O. Doud
Brown, Harry
Browne, Wm.
Barcus, J. C.
Barnum, H. (manager)
Belden, E. P.
Barnhold, J. (circus "biz")
Bolin, Thos.
Binkeney, J. H.
Bidwell, David
Beecraft, J. C.
Benton, A. W.
Bray, Walter
Burgess, Neal
Breese, Capt. (candy "biz")
Baker, Dick (detective)
Boucicault, Dion Lc.
Beir, S. S.
Bailey, Mr. (circus prop.)
Booth, Edwin
Beecher, R. R.
Bailey, J. F.
Burke, Jas.
Breedlove, S. P.
Butler, Harry (comedian)
Bannum, H. (circus "biz")
Brown, B. (with Wagstaff)
Berry, Cass
Butler, Harry
Barton, J. (of Cont. Vocal Co.)
Bagley, Geo. (2)
Beatty, Robt. H.
Brady, Wash.
Bissell, W.
Coon, C. S.
Carry, — (late of Trimble's)
Crusoe, C. (minst. "biz")
Crawford, Jno. W. (2)
Curtis, F. J.
Carr, Frank
Chittenden, Frank M.
Carroll, Billy (of Harris & Carroll)
Cameron, A. N. (of Cullen & Howe's Cir.)
Campbell, Barney
Collins & Wren
Carey, Thos.
Cooper, Fred
Cole, W. W.
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Carter, J. Heuse
Crosby, Orient
Carr, Louis S.
Collins & Martin
Cole, Sam. (of Domin. Cir.)
Cushing, Jay
Crawford, Chas.
Cameron, Jas.
"Cincinnatus"
Clement, J. B.
Continental Vocalists 3c.
Cole, G. (of Chris-tys Minst.)
Cullen, Andrew
Dawson, Tom (circus "biz")
Donavin, J. W.
De Granville, Dr.
Dressler, J. (with McGuire)
Davis, Lew (with Washburn)
Durand, Wm. Wallace (2)
Dunbar, Geo. W.
Dobson, R. C.
Dearborn, Chas.
Dupont, Jean
Dobson, Frank J. (2)
Dark, C. (of Sherman & Dark)
Denier, Tony
Dickeson, H. A.
Dearborn, Chas. 2c.
Davis, Stewart
Dodge, Ben (vocalist)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Drummer, Mr.
Dacre, Chas.
Dunbar, F. C. (2)
Eckert, J. (with McGill & Strong)
Ellison, Jos.
Ellis, Chas. "(fish-er)
Eveleigh, Chas. W.
Evans, M. F.
Frank, Tony (2)
Florentine, Mons. (2)
Franklin, J. Wynn
Fake, Mark
Fenelle, Chas.
Farron, T. J.
Ryrbish, Chas. E.
Frost, Hyatt
Faust, E. (of Faust Family)
Fitchi, H. (with J. L. Toole)
Fessler, Walter W.
Fraley, R. F.
Fowler, Thos. S.
Fernet, D. (musician)
Gaffney, C. (of Van Amb. Cir.)
Gaylord, Ed. C.
Gourlay, Garbet 3c.
Gunnison, E. Norman
Griffith, S. (of Gill & Rouke)
Gervay, Emil
Goss & Fox
Gildersleeve, Jno. R.
Gray, W. W.
George, Prof. (equilibrist)
Gale, Sam.
Gordon, Sig. P.
THERE ARE LETTERS at the Bridgeport (Ct.) postoffice addressed, Frank Lyon, of Murray's circus, and Geo. Burnell, I am proper e.or.

Drisco, Tillie
Dunbar, Sadie
Fairy Sisters
Fox, Ida C.
Freeman Sisters
Foy Sisters
Fielding, Maggie
Gibbons, Annie
Gourlay, Minnie
Grady, Mrs. Ella
Gray, Minnie (of W. St. East. Cir.)
Herbert, Carrie
Hennis, Mrs. Ida L.
Hussey, Mrs. Frank
Harvey, Katie
Jananaschek, Mad.
Jones, Sephie
Kirby, Adele
Lamarre, Lu-lu (statue "biz")
Love Sisters
Lovell, Mrs. M.
Wimot
Le Moin, Maude
Lapointe, Mrs. J. 3c.
La Verde Sisters
Lavne, Jennie 3c
Monck, Minnie
Mitton, Mary
Merton, Florence (of Cole's Cir.)
Meyer, Bonnie
Morgan, Etta
Morsete, Kate (2)
Maddern, Mary
Morgan, Miss J.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Gobay, Col. J. 3c.
Glassford, Sr., A.
George, Jas.
Gotthold, E. M.
Goodrich, Speck (of Griate, Chas. B.
Gaylord, Joe
Hourley, W.
Hazlett, D.
Hicks' Georgia Minst.
Herbert, Fred
Haverly, J. H.
Hardy, E. P. (m'g'r. Hall, Mrs. A.
Howard, Hank (Dutch "biz")
Hall, Chas. (with Forbiah's Co.)
Hamilton, H. (late with Lent)
Hawley, F. (song and dance)
Hosmer, Harry
Hewett, F. (of Nelle Daniel's Co.)
Hupp, Jos.
Hicks, Chas. H.
Howes, Frank J.
Herbert & Hall
Haynes, M. R.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hutchinson, Jas.
Haynes, Jas. W.
Hewett, Frank
Hussey, L. (trapeze artist)
Hunt, N. (of N. Y. & N. O. Cir.)
Howe, Mr. (of London Cir.)
Hampton Color Bearer
Hall, Chas. Sandy "biz")
Harris, Billy (of Harris & Carr.)
Harris, Jno. (of London Cir.)
Hayden, C. (of Frank Hart, Harry.
Henry, Hi
Healy, Dr. Jno. E. (2)
Howard, T. (of Fox's Troupe)
Hoagland, Rich.
Hyatt, F. (of Van Amb. Cir.)
Hogan, W. (of Howard, J. (of Criss & Lena Co.) (2)
Hodges, D. W.
Hamilton, Barney
Hooper, Geo. W.
Hyland, W.
Hasten, Edward (2)
Healy, J. R. (of Wallack Com.)
Hoagland, J.
Hyatt, F. (of Van Amb. Cir.)

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON MASS., up to Feb. 21 are reviewed as follows by our correspondent: "'Rosedale,' having met with a favorable reception during the first week of Lester Wallack's engagement at the Boston Theatre, it has been retained as the attraction during the greater part of his second and last week. On Friday at his benefit 'Ours' was presented. It drew a large house in spite of the fact that the night was a stormy one. It was finely placed upon the stage, and the scene at the close of the second act called forth a perfect furor of applause. The cast was not so strong as it might have been, but it was not positively bad, and Mr. Wallack's impersonation of Hugh Chalcote made up for many shortcomings in the others. 'Ours' was repeated at the matinee yesterday, and played for the last time in the evening at Mr. Wallack's farewell performance. 'Paddy Miles' Boy' was given on the latter occasion as an additional attraction. On the afternoon of Feb. 22 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence commence an engagement of a week's duration, opening in 'The Colleen Bawn' and 'The Yankee Housekeeper.' This will be repeated throughout the week. March 1 Lawrence Barrett appears in 'Richelieu' ....The Museum has been doing a fair business with the revival of 'Daddy O'Dowd.' It was played all the week with the exception of Saturday evening, when 'Love's Sacrifice' was performed. 'Daddy O'Dowd' will have further and final representations Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Tuesday is to be devoted to the benefit of Miss Mary Cary, one of the most attractive, popular and deserving members of the Museum company. Tom Taylor's 'Fool's Revenge' and 'The Old Guard' will form the attraction. On Monday, R. H. McClannin appeals to his friends on Friday, and has provided for their entertainment 'The Lady of Lyons' and 'Done on Both Sides.'' Mr. McClannin is an old stand-by—one of the most trustworthy, conscientious and able actors in Boston; and if ever a man deserved a big house for a benefit, he certainly does. Saturday evening will see the repetition of 'The Hunchback,' one of the Museum specialties. March 1 the management will bring out 'Griffith Gaunt.'..... T. Grattan Riggs appeared at the Howard Athenæum on Monday evening, in his drama of 'Sull Gair,' and the piece has proved a strong attraction all the week. It was played at the St. James Theatre three Winters ago, and was at that time fully reviewed in these columns. Mr. Riggs is fully equal to the requirements of the leading role, Sull Gair, and has quite a fund of humor. Mark Bates was successful as Pierce Curran. C. P. Nichols as the heavy villain, Martin Doyle, was a trifle too apparent, but he meant well. E. L. Tilton was excellent as Michael. N. D. Jones as Shaun Rhue was not very successful. Harry Bloodgood as Mackerel was first-rate. Marie Bates succeeded admirably with the part of Molly, and Laura Phillips was not unpleasant as Ellen Curran. Miss M. O. Gray, a newcomer, was strongly and ineffective as Betsey Roach, and we fear that she will not prove an acquisition to the company. After the drama, a brief olio was provided. Jennie Hughes sang serio-comic songs. Luke Schoolcraft and George M. Coes then appeared in their new act 'Alabama Homes.' They were cordially received, for they are old favorites here in Boston. James S. Maffitt in 'Bibo and Babette,' and George Knight were the remaining attractions. Knight closed Feb. 21, and on the 22d, in addition to S. C. France, who opens as Skid in 'Marked for Life,' Little Pauline and her educated pony Louise Victoria, Fox and Hicks and Cotton and Birdue open. 'Robinson Crusoe,' with Maffitt, closes the performance. March 1, Carncross & Dixey's Minstrel Troupe opens.....At the matinee, Feb. 22, at the Globe, a dramatic performance will be given. 'Still Waters Run Deep' and 'The Irish Emigrant' will be presented, with Arthur Cheney, Josephine Orton, Ida Savory, Miss Athena, W. Floyd and Edward Coleman in the cast. Considerable interest is felt to see Mr. Cheney in the role of John Mildmay, a part he has frequently and successfully played in private theatricals.....Bouicault's son has been spending a few days in town."

J. W. CARNES AND TROUPE, with Cora Herkimer, presented "Daniel Boone" and "Rip Van Winkle" at Greenville, Pa., Feb. 17. 18. Route: Mercer 19, 20, Franklin 22, 23, Titusville 24, Erie 25, 26.

MUSICAL.

CAROLINE RICHINGS' OLD FOLKS gave concerts in Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 15, 16, Peoria 17, Galesburg 18, Jacksonville 19, Springfield 20, to remain 22, thence to Aurora 23, Burlington 24.

GEO. W. DIXON'S Military Band and Grand Orchestra is engaged for the coming season with Scott & Co.'s Hippodrome.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS' Italian Opera Company was at Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 19, Logansport, Ind., 20. Route: Lafayette 22, Terre Haute 23, Indianapolis 24, Fort Wayne 25, Toledo, O., 26, then Detroit, Mich., for four nights.

A SLIDE TROMBONE AND TUBA PLAYER can be engaged by addressing E. Brooks, who advertises.

THE FISK FAMILY concertize at Champaign, Ill., Feb. 16, 17, Urbana 18, Danville, 19, 90. Route: Chicago, Ill., 22, to remain two weeks.

A FLUTE PLAYER and alto-horn in brass desires an engagement. See J. Bachelor's advertisement.

M. M. WILSON, cornet player, wants to engage with a good circus band. Address as per card.

AT THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, P. Q., the Holman Opera Troupe, drew crowded houses, and achieved quite a success, financially and otherwise, during their fortnight's stay. They open in Quebec, Feb. 22, for one week. Mr. Joseph Brindisi was sufficiently recovered to appear in "The Grand Duchess," 16.

THE KELLOGG TROUPE at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass., has been meeting with immense success, reaping golden, or rather greenback, harvests throughout the week. The theatre has been packed full at all the Kellogg performances, and comfortably crowded on the nights of no Kellogg. The secret is that a good performance is given at a decent price. The manager is just beginning to learn that people will not pay double prices to see the same thing that they can get elsewhere for less money, and he is reaping the reward of his newly-acquired knowledge. On Monday the opera was "Martha," described as "The Bohemian Girl." Wednesday "Martha" (substituted in consequence of Miss Kellogg's hoarseness, which prevented her appearing in "Mignon," as announced), Thursday "Ernani," Friday "The Marriage of Figaro," Saturday afternoon "The Bohemian Girl," and evening "Il Trovatore." Monday, this week, "Faust" announced for Monday and the Saturday matinee, Tuesday "Trovatore," Wednesday "Faust" (with the debut of George A. Conley as Mephistopheles), Thursday "Don Giovanni," Friday "Martha." The troupe remained for a third week. Advices of Feb. 21.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA COMPANY, minus Albani, gave "Aida" and "Lohengrin" at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, on Feb. 15, 16.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA concertized at Pike's on the 18th inst.

A B-FLAT CORNET PLAYER desires an engagement. See S. C. Bancroft's card.

FRANK J. CURTIS, late manager of the Continental Vocalists, has sold out his interest as manager to H. M. Hayward, and goes to Chicago to arrange for the tenting season.

A SERIO-COMIC LADY SINGER, one who can play in the band, is wanted by Miss Nellie Daniels, as per card.

THE EMILY SOLDENE Opera-bouffe Company is to perform at Brainard's Opera-House, Cleland, O., Feb. 22, 23.

FRED C. LEPPERT, clarionet and alto player, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged after April 1.

IDA PARKER, bellplayer, serio-comic vocalist and balladist, advertises that she can be engaged.

EMILY SOLDENE'S English Opera-bouffe Company appear in Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 25.

STRAKOSCH'S ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY present the opera of "La Sonnambula" at the Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., on Feb. 20.

THE ILMA DE MURSKA GRAND CONCERT COMPANY sang Feb. 15, 16, to good audiences in Savannah, Ga., Theatre. The matinee announced for the afternoon of 17th was a failure, owing to bad weather. From there the company went to Augusta 18, Columbia, S. C., 19. Route: Atlanta, Ga., 22, Macon 23, Selma, Ala., 25, Montgomery 26, 27.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS billed at Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 12, failed to appear.

THE TENNESSEANS are billed to sing at Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 23.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS gave a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Feb. 16, before an excellent audience. The list of pieces rendered will be given at the same establishment on the afternoon of the 27th.

AT THE GERMAN STADT THEATRE, Philadelphia, a complimentary benefit was given on the 19th inst. to the soubrette Lina Wassman, who appeared on this occasion in the operetta "Hanin, Weint Haus Lacht."

JAMES HOWARD the Dutch comedian was the recipient of a complimentary benefit on the 15th inst., at Concert Hall, Philadelphia.

THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS gave a concert at the Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 18, before a very large audience.

GILMORE'S BAND gave a concert at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 14, which is said to have been the first Sunday concert ever given in that city. They performed at St. Louis, Mo., 17, 18, Kansas City 19, 20, St. Louis 21. Route: Terre Haute, Ind., 22, Cincinnati, O., 23, 24, Louisville, Ky., 25, 26, Nashville, Tenn., 27, Louisville, Ky. (return), 27, 28, Indianapolis, Ind., March 1.

HARRY HALL, cornet-player, whose address is care of this office, wants an engagement.

THE BERGER FAMILY will perform at Waco, Texas, Feb. 24, 25, Bryan 26, 27, Austin March 1, 2, 3, 4. *The Gazette*, Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 4, thus notices their performances:

The Berger Family closed their engagement in this city at Concordia Hall last night, to a full house. The programme of the evening was one of unusual interest, and held the closest attention of one of the best audiences that ever assembled in this city. The performance of the several artists, both ladies and gentlemen, excelled, if possible, their efforts on former occasions. Miss Anna Berger was never surpassed by any artist in this city. She was repeatedly applauded. The character songs by Mr. McKee were really praiseworthy, and he was popular withal. The character sketches by Le Grand received meritorious applause. Mr. Williams, with his harmonicon, brought down the house. The troupe leaves to-day for Shreveport. We are proud to recommend the company to the amusement-loving people of Louisiana and Texas. They will ever be gladly welcomed back to this city.

VARIETY HALLS.

WORDEN AND MACK, song-and-dance and grotesque specialty artists, recently connected with Palmer's Spectacular Organization, insert a card notifying their friends and the profession that they will shortly return to New York and sail for Europe.

FRED BLITZ, London Punch-and-Judy performer, advertises for an engagement.

THE LEOTARDS, Frank and Willie, the young aerial midgets, in a variety of their specialties, desire an engagement. See card.

DR. HEALY'S HIBERNIAN GEMS, John E. Healy proprietor, is still traveling, and we are informed that it is no connection with the Healy & Cohen party that lately closed. The company includes Dan and Josie Morris, vocalists, dancers, etc.; Richard Gray, vocalist; Wm. Tedford, lecturer; Mrs. Tedford, harpist; Sarah O'Brien, comedienne; W. J. White, pianist and organist; Clarence Boyd, song-and-dance; and Frank H. Carr and J. T. Morse, agents.

THE CHARLES MCGINNIS GEM COMEDY COMPANY performed at Merrimack, Mo., Feb. 15, 16, Rolla 17, 18, 20.

VARIETY PERFORMERS in all branches of the profession are wanted at the Avenue Theatre, Washington, D. C. See card.

MANAGERS desiring engagements at Barton Operahouse, Syracuse, N. Y., can address as per advertisement.

HARRY BUTLER and Little Nellie, who began an engagement of four weeks at Richmond, Va., Feb. 18, with a conclusion go to Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, for a like period; then to the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., and the Odeon, Baltimore, Md., for six weeks each.

J. WASHBURNE, manager of Washburne's Last Hope, has been failing in health since he closed season, and is now mostly confined to his room. Springfield, Mass., Feb. 16 for his home in Chester, N. H. He is continuing his arrangements to start upon another tour March 29; but it is doubtful if he will be able to start out. His physicians say that unless a favorable change takes place in his disease within one week, he must go to Florida.

ADA AND LEONIE MENDEL, song-and-dance artists, will be at liberty March 6. See card.

THE LA RENO'S FEMALE MINSTRELS and Cancan Troupe were billed to perform at St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 19, 20.

AT LAST a plan has been tried, with every prospect of success, by which the Novelties, Fall River, Mass., will once more be in running order. Feb. 18 witnessed a new departure in the line of amusements in this city when the above theatre was reopened. Waiters furnish the thirsty ones in the audience with beer, and cigars are also used at pleasure. The company comprises the following: Frank Hussey, lessee and manager; Johnny Somers, straight business; Blanche Clifton, in favorite songs; Sarony, character change, who made himself immediately popular as the "Saratoga Belle," answering four recalls; Rose St. Audley, in some very artistic statues; Dollie Sharpe, in a neatly-executed song-and-dance and skipping-rope jig; Leonie and Orvilla Hussey, on a horizontal bar; and Geo. Jordan, who was rather tame as a negro comedian. The house was well filled.....The Carrollton Comique is the new name of the old Comique, and it opens to-night with the following company, all of whom are old favorites: Charley Burnham, manager; Peter Brennan, J. K. Walsh and Harry Evarts, orchestra; John Lacy, treasurer; Jessie Howard, actress; Blanche Slader, comedienne; Jane Parker, old woman; Jennie Belmont, vocalist; Jennie Miaco, song-and-dance; Daly Bros., song-and-dance and clog; Miaco and Ashton, acrobats; B. W. Reed, J. F. Watson, stock. Admission, 25 and 25cts; Saturday matinee, 25 and 15.....To make things lively, Ward has changed his dates, and reopens the Opera-house 22, with Buckley's Serenaders, for one week. There is considerable rivalry between Ward and Burnham, on account of a previous difficulty. Walter C. Kelley runs the stage for Ward. Advices dated Feb. 18.

J. FRANK MACK, a young gentleman of Savannah, not unknown on the variety and minstrel stage, recently left that city to join Bordwell's Mirror of Ireland as song-and-dance man.

BUSINESS at the Germania Varieties, Scranton, Pa., has been fair during the past week. On Friday evening, Feb. 19, Manager Weeks received a benefit, on which occasion twenty volunteers took part, besides the regular company. None to close 20. Arrivals 22: Scanlon Bros., song-and-dance.

DUNBAR, specialty artist, with George L. Fox's Troupe, can be addressed care of this office.

SAMONY, character vocalist and dancer, is at present engaged at the Novelties, Fall River, Mass., where he can be addressed.

FITZGERALD AND RYAN are requested to communicate with A. Beck, as per advertisement.

"THE BATHTUB TRAGEDY," a drama founded on the incidents of the Charley Ross case, is offered as a variety managers for production by Geo. W. Marcellus, who advertises.

THE HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION perform at Passaic, N. J., Feb. 23, Hackensack 24, Nyack, N. Y., 25, Middleton March 1, Port Jervis, N. J., 2. Performers in all branches of the business are wanted, especially those who can play in brass, and they are requested to address as above.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY and Annie Braddon can be addressed care of this office.

FRANK MARA, Irish vocalist and dancer, notifies managers in a card elsewhere that he can be addressed at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAGAR AND REYNOLDS, song-and-dance artists, etc., advertise for an engagement.

JAMES WHEELER, club-swinger, in his card elsewhere, states that he is ready to engage for the tenting season, or with responsible variety managers. He also publishes a list of references.

THE WAITE SISTERS, who open at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., March 1, will be at liberty to accept engagements from March 15, for their burlesques or specialties. See Harry Waite's card.

AT THE ADELPHI, Buffalo, Feb. 15, the bill was pretty fair. The departures Feb. 20 were Fanny Howard, Geo. White and Seagrave and Gibbons. Of the new arrivals, Chas. H. King in his Dutch impersonations was fair. Later in the evening he won several encores for his banjo-playing. Dick Rowe upon the flying-trapeze feats of comedy in tights is excellent. Seagrave and Gibbons did a very fair song-and-dance. Ned Gibbons does a so-called clog-dance to good time, but with a mixture of jig and breakdown steps. The new arrivals on Feb. 22 are to be Kate Hunter and Effie Welsh. Advices of Feb. 19.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Harrisburg, Pa., during the week ending Feb. 20 was not so largely patronized as the entertainment presented deserved. The programme, besides the minstrel first-part, included the sketches of "The Stranger," "The Three Hunters," "The Safe Robbery," and "The Dutch Dentist." In the olio, Lottie Brown rendered a number of her favorite songs in good style; Mollie Clifford appeared in her statues; Rose Minter gave a jig; and Amelia Gorenflo appeared in fancy dances. On Feb. 20 Jake Budd is to take a benefit, with which he closes his engagement. He goes to the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., Johnny Bowman and Lottie Brown also close at the same time, and go to Martin's Varieties, Pittsburg. The new faces announced for next week are Clarence and Jimmy Burton, Bill Devere, Frank George, Mollie Wilson, Kittie Sanford, Lou Edwards, Laura Alfred and Emma Coroloza. The reconstructed cancan is also announced. Letter dated Feb. 20.

FRED AIMS assumed the management of Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., on Feb. 15, and the new people appearing at that time were the Lenton Family, Lizzie Sherman, Harry Watson, Annie Hall, and Scott and Forrest. Our correspondent says: "The acrobatic performances of the Lenton Family were in many respects remarkable. New and difficult feats were introduced, and executed in a manner that reflects much credit upon the artists. Lizzie Sherman and Harry Watson presented their sketch of 'The Changeable Dutchman,' and their song-and-dance specialties received much favor. The vocalization of Annie Hall was very creditable. She has a good and cultivated voice. Scott and Forrest were seen to advantage in an acrobatic clog-dance. Barney Reynolds sang 'Crime' with good effect, and he and Lizzie Shelton were pleasing in their Irish sketch of 'I'm Leaving Thee, Erin.' Lew Clifton, G. W. Herman and H. W. Williams gave their specialties, and the entertainment concluded with 'The Louisville Lottery.'.....Dan Howard and Nellie Florence were newcomers at Martin's Theatre Comique on the 16th. The Female Barber is the salient feature of the programme this (last) week, and has served to materially improve business. Dan Howard is the present stage-manager of this place."

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, large audiences witnessed the programme provided during the week ending Feb. 20. Ernest and Gerard Byne, Delehanty and Hengler, Walters and Morton, and Mlle. Clara Leontine were the new appearances on Feb. 15, and were warmly welcomed. The departures on Feb. 20 were Lillie Linden, to Norfolk, Va.; Flora Leonetta, to Washington; Dick Durand, Millie Wilson, to Harrisburg; and Lizzie Warren, to Indianapolis, Ind. The new people announced for Feb. 22 were Archie White, Ella Esmond, Kitty Smith, Ella Sheldon, and Kitty Allyn. Advices of Feb. 20.

JOHN AND WILLIAM VICTORELLI are open for engagements to perform in their specialties, acrobatic feats, and their new act of "Les Comiques Musicale." See card.

AT THOMPSON'S VARIETIES, Dallas, Texas, Baby and James McDonald were the latest appearances. The Nunn Brothers, five in number, with ages running from eight to eighteen years, comprise the orchestra, and have recently been engaged.

RICARDO FRABY and Nellie Steele opened at the Theatre Comique, Galveston, Texas, Feb. 15. Baby and James McDonald are underlined for Feb. 22.

LADY ARTISTS are wanted for Ida Cerito's Minstrel and Variety Troupe. Engagements for season can be secured by addressing J. M. Hickey & Co., who advertise.

MATTIE GRAY, Little Nellie, and Harry Butler were the new attractions at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., the past week, and have been well received. Miss Gray's singing was very good. Lizzie Johnston is quite popular as a dancer. Emma Minetta continues to hold her own. Frank Hassal's jig and his Active Boy come in nightly for a full share of the applause. Maggie Warren is to open the 22d. Business excellent. Letter of Feb. 20.

THE DE CASTRO THEATRE, which was opened to do a fine business on their tour through the South, are billed to perform in the following cities: Raleigh and Wilmington, N. C., Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., and are thus noticed by the local press:

THE DE CASTRO TROUPE.—This troupe gave a matinee yesterday afternoon to the largest audience we ever saw assembled in Ralston Hall to witness an afternoon performance. The lower floor of the hall was packed, and nearly two hundred persons were in the gallery. The audience was mainly made up of ladies and children, who were perfectly delighted with the splendid legerdemain and ventriloquism of De Castro, and the exquisite personations of Pepp and Miss Irving. The latter gentleman exhibited marvels enough to keep them in talk for a year to come. De Castro's engagement in this city was a satisfactory one to the playgoing people. He is a master magician, and his acts are performed with a dexterity that could have been acquired only by assiduous practice. Some of them were mysterious enough to challenge the skepticism of the most inveterate sneerer, and the audience were wholly unable to account for the manner in which his tricks are accomplished. But he gives a good performance, and is fully worthy of patronage. People who can only repeat what we have said before. As a character personator he has no superior. His manner is polished and graceful, his changes are made with almost incredible speed, his songs are good, and many of them are new; he "dresses to kill," and never fails to please his audience. Miss Fannie is a very charming actress. She has a sweet voice, fine figure, dresses superbly, and acts very handsomely. She and Jeppe are a capital pair, and will always be welcome here. The combination is one of the few good ones we have had this season.—*Telegraph and Messenger*, Macon, Ga., Jan. 17, 1875.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS are to appear at Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 22, Peoria 23, Springfield 24, Decatur 25, Jacksonville 26, Alton 27, Centralia 28, Du Quoin March 1, Cairo 2, 3. E. M. Gotthold, general agent, was taken sick on Feb. 9 at Freeport. His post has since been supplied by F. H. Bardwell, treasurer of the company. It is presumed that Mr. Gotthold will soon be able to resume business.

A YOUNG MAN advertises for an engagement with a minstrel company to learn the business.

THE EMERSON MINSTRELS at Maguire's Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., attracted such large audiences during the week ending Feb. 13, that standing-room only was to be found on a number of occasions. The principal attraction was the production of a new sketch, "Acting on the Brain, or Shakespeare in the Kitchen," which is to some extent a travesty upon the "Nuts" piece. It has been more than ordinarily successful, the cast of characters including Billy Emerson, Billy Rice, Ben Cotton, Ernest Linden, J. Kemble, Billy Arlington, Little Mac, and Canfield and Booker. The ballet dancing of Emerson, Arlington and Little Mac, the burlesque singing of "Trovatore" music by Ernest Linden and Emerson, and the tragic spouting of Rice and Cotton have furnished cause for almost endless laughter. No more interesting and amusing sketch has been done on the minstrel stage here for months. Among other features which proved successful were the revival of "Golden Showers," with Emerson, Little Mac, and Canfield and Booker as the dancers, Billy Rice's stump speech "The Transit of Venus," and the sketch of "The Two Sportsmen" by Kemble, Cotton and Arlington. Letter of Feb. 13.

THE REAL COLORED GEORGIANS are still pulling good houses at Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, L. I. They commence their seventh week on Feb. 22. They have so far had a prosperous career in Brooklyn, and probably will have so long as they continue to give, as in the past, such a good minstrel entertainment. "Love in Georgia" and "The Ladder of Fame" are among the present week's announcements. Lucas, Devonear, Kenards and Lyle are the favorites.

TOMMY HAYWOOD, Ethiopian comedian, who has been ill for some time past at his residence in Harlem, has, we are happy to state, nearly recovered, and will shortly resume his professional duties.

LEW JOHNSON'S MINSTRELS are said to be still doing a successful business in Chicago, Ill. Joe G. Stevens and Jas. H. Clark are referred to the manager's card in another column.

GEO. W. HARLEY, the soprano-contralto singer from California, has arrived in Philadelphia, and makes his first appearance there Feb. 22 with Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels.

HICKS' GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show at Peru, Ind., Feb. 22, Logansport 23, Lafayette 24, Decatur, Ill., 25, Jacksonville 26, Springfield 27.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS performed at Providence, R. I., Feb. 18, 19, and are billed at Portland, Me., March 1.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, at Columbus, O., played to the largest house of the season on Feb. 15. The first part of their performance was rendered with refinement and excellence. Both the vocal and the instrumental portions of it gave general and complete satisfaction. Milt G. Barlow is one of the most versatile performers in the negro-minstrel business, rendering the grotesque, grave, eccentric and pathetic with equal earnestness and truthfulness. The new tenor, Thos. B. Dixon, made a capital hit. Ed French did some wonderful things on his banjo, while Primrose and West, song-and-dance, produced some entirely new effects. D. L. Morris in his Dutch eccentricities was as refreshing as ever. Altogether, Haverly's boys are a success. They open in New Orleans 22, for one week, Mobile, Ala., March 1, 2, Montgomery 3, 4, St. Louis 15, and Cincinnati 22. Advices of Feb. 19.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, attracted large audiences last week. E. F. Dixey and Matt Wheeler were the endmen in the first-part, in which H. Percy's singing of "Dear Old Home" received a merited encore. The most prominent feature of the programme, however, was Bobby Newcomb's new burlesque entitled "Stage-struck Boarders," which furnished an abundance of amusement to the audiences. Charles Henry will have a benefit here on the 25th inst. The season terminates on the 27th, reopening for the Fall season on Aug. 30.

WM. DWYER, tenor, late of Bryant's and Simmons and Slocum's Minstrels, advertises for an engagement.

WHITMORE & CLARK'S MINSTRELS are billed for Feb. 20, 22 at Montreal, P. Q.

CIRCUSES.

SIDESHOW CURIOSITIES and concert performers are wanted for the International Circus. See Middleton & Gardiner's card.

A QUANTITY of circus paraphernalia is advertised for sale at low prices by John H. Murray.

MILES GREEN has secured all the privileges with Burr Robbins' show, this being his third season with the same concern.

PROFESSIONALS wanting furnishing goods are referred to Mme. Macart's advertisement.

CLIFFORD LEOPAR, gymnast, acrobat and double hat-spinner, is engaged with John H. Murray's circus for the coming season.

A GUANTITY of circus paraphernalia is advertised for sale at low prices by John H. Murray.

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THE DE CASTRO TROUPE performed at Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 18, 19, 20. Route: Durhams 22, 23, Goldsborough 24, 25.

MISS LILIAN S. EDGERTON lectured at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 15.

JOHN B. GOUGH will lecture in Baltimore, Md., at the Masonic Temple, on Feb. 25.

PROF. S. S. BALDWIN, in his entertainment "A Night with the Spirits," will perform at New Haven, Ct., Feb. 25 to 28, Springfield, Mass., March 8 to 11, Pittsfield 15 to 17. His card, published elsewhere, contains information for managers desiring to secure this attraction.

THE CHRISKI TROUPE opened for an indefinite period at the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va., Feb. 20, to a full house.

AN ELEGANT PANORAMIC theatrical drygoods is kept constantly on hand at W. Dazian's store, 280 Bowery, this city. Mr. Dazian advertises that goods are sent C. O. D. to all parts of the U. S., with dispatch, and that satisfaction is guaranteed.

AMATEUR.

THE E. A. SOTHERN Dramatic Association of Philadelphia produced "Lost Lynne" at their regular weekly performance Feb. 18.

"CASTE" was produced by the Wheatley Dramatic Association on the 17th inst., at their theatre in Philadelphia. Miss Alice Placide appeared as Esther.

THE GOLDEN GATE DRAMATIC CLUB of Boston, Mass., produced "The Tempter" and "Slasher and Crasher" Feb. 17.

THE BROOKLYN, N. Y., Academy of Music was filled with an intelligent and fashionable audience on the evening of Feb. 18, on which occasion "Lost in London" was produced by a corps from the Amaranth for the benefit of the Union for Christian Work of the Unitarian Society. Miss Ettie Phillips impersonated Nellie; Mrs. J. K. Draper, Tiddy; Miss Vera L. Percy, Blanche; Mr. F. K. Carleton, Gilbert Featherston; W. S. Cooper, Sir Richard Loader; Dr. J. L. Farley, Job Amroyd; F. V. Bennett, Benj. Hinkes. They are worthy of praise. The "Kiss Song" by Miss L. Rae was one of the pleasant treats of the evening.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB of Cincinnati performed "Home" on the 16th inst. to a crowded house. On the 19th the Davenport Club of the same city played "Julius Cæsar."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

A LIVERPOOL, Eng., paper states that an action involving the question of the right to throw bouquets to actresses is about to be brought against the manager of a Liverpool theatre. An elderly gentleman almost nightly for some time took his place in the stalls, provided with bouquets, and threw them with great regularity to certain actresses at certain points of the performance, sometimes rising on their acceptance of the nosegays and acknowledging the honor by profound obeisances. The manager at length interfered, and legal proceedings are threatened.

TWO PERSONS have been arrested for taking down in shorthand the dialogue of "Rose Michel," now being acted at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, France. It appears that they had been engaged by an English actor to do so.

RIOT IN A CHILIAN THEATRE.—A correspondent writing from Valparaiso, Chili, under date of Dec. 16, says: "A disturbance in the Municipal Theatre on Sunday last, the 13th inst., has been attended by serious consequences. A fortnight ago a New York troupe, called 'The Black Crook' Company, arrived from Montevideo, and a series of representations announced. On the second night the part of a male character, previously taken by one of the actresses, was performed by the stage-manager. The change attracted little attention that night, or for two or three nights after; but, on a subsequent representation, the leader of the missing actress was arrested against the stage-manager. The police interfered, and in the name of the Governor of Valparaiso prohibited any hissing or other marks of disapprobation. This arbitrary decree was the immediate cause of last Sunday's demonstration. Shortly after noon on that day a meeting of several young townsmen was held, and it was agreed that the power claimed by the police to suppress the right of the audience to hiss in a dramatic representation should be defied. The Superintendent of Police, advised of what was intended, introduced a number of his men into the theatre that evening. As the performance went on, the noise of the hissers increased, and at length two of them were arrested and taken to the station. A slight disturbance ensued, and the police attempted to make another arrest; but this led to a free fight, in which one of the policemen fell, stabbed in the back by a thrust from a sword-stick, and two others were injured. The police were then reinforced, carried off a large portion of the audience to the station. A demonstration was then made against the Governor by those agitators who had escaped capture, and, followed by a large crowd, they appeared before the Municipal Palace with cries of 'Down with tyranny,' 'Death to the Governor,' accompanied by hissing and a shower of stones, the latter being aimed at the palace windows. The soldiery were hastily summoned. The streets leading into the Municipal Square were silently occupied by the troops, and, to their dismay, the agitators found themselves caught in a trap. On Monday morning the ringleaders were handed over to the Judge of Crime, and the remainder were fined and set at large. About twenty-three persons were arrested in the theatre, and some forty persons in the Municipal square. Yesterday the Governor published a letter directed to the Superintendent of Police, in which he acknowledged the right of an audience to express their disapprobation as long as no breach of public order was threatened. The question would have been interesting had this right of dramatic criticism really been put to the test. The piece represented, however, had no pretensions to merit except as a spectacle. The performance comprised feats on the trapeze, and was, in fact, a mere divertisement. The rancor shown by the Chilians in going to the theatre for the purpose of hissing was the result of a hatred of foreigners and a desire to spite the municipal government, rather than the attempt to enforce wholesome dramatic criticism."

"LES TRENTE MILLIONS DE GLADIATOR," a comic vaudeville in four acts, by MM. Labiche and Gille, was recently presented at the Theatre Varieties, Paris, France. A correspondent says of it: "The piece can scarcely be termed a piece, being nothing more than a series of the most ridiculous situations imaginable; but its laughter-producing qualities are irresistible, and, except 'La-Boule,' there is nothing so amusing to be seen at present on the Paris stage. The plot almost defies brief analysis. A wealthy Auvergnat comes to Paris to spend his money; it is presumed, and all the beauties of the demi-monde spread their nets in order to catch a pigeon whose plucking will so well repay the pains. The successful siren is presented to us under the traits of Mlle. Celine Montaland, one of the handsomest actresses on the stage, though now grown into rather too heavy an *embonpoint*; but the part could not be entrusted to more suitable hands, and she has been so long almost an absentee from our stage that her return to it is welcome. The piece is played with marvelous vivacity by Berthelier, Christian, Baron, and Lode Fleury, and it continues to draw crowds to the Boulevard Theatre just as it would have done to the Palais Royal, for which it was evidently in the first instance destined."

"AUGUSTE MANETTE" is the title of a drama, in five acts, by M. Bouvier, produced at the Theatre des Arts, Paris, France, during the week ending Feb. 6. Of it the *London Era* correspondent says: "Its plot is taken from the adventures of a real criminal named Manette, alias 'Le Petit Auguste,' whose trial and condemnation figure among the causes celebre of the First Empire. It may be briefly described as a tissue of depravity and bloodshed, and I cannot but express my amazement at the extraordinary perversion of taste which has induced the author to rake up this disgusting romance of the guillotine, and to place it in dramatic garb before the eyes of the public. Can it be that the school which it was predicted at the time would be formed by the 'Morgue' scene in 'Le Sphinx' is already beginning to send forth its pupils and their infant efforts? I hope not; but stage realism is undoubtedly growing more and more in popular favor day by day, and the very horrors of this play are drawing crowds to witness it for the moment; but attraction of this kind fortunately wears out very rapidly. Manette, the chief character, I cannot say heroine, of the piece, was a girl of infamous character, whose crimes brought her in 1808 to the scaffold, where she died with the same indifference to the loss of her own life as she had shown in her wicked career displayed in shedding the blood of her victims. It was her frequent habit to assume male attire, and with it the name of Le Petit Auguste, and in this disguise it was that she committed the numerous murders that have made her name infamous. In M. Bouvier's melodrama we are introduced to Manette in one of her lamer intervals. The wild beast is somewhat subdued in her for the moment, and her thirst for blood temporarily quenched by her love for an officer named Leon Maillard, with whom she is living as mistress. But her paramour deserts her to marry her most intimate friend, a young and virtuous girl, an orphan, named Jeanne Simon. Manette, stung to the quick by jealousy, returns to her old wicked ways, plunges headlong into dissipation, and succeeds in laying a plot, by which her first lover is afforded an opportunity of endeavoring to take Leon's life in a duel. But the assassin's hand was not so sure with the sword as it would have been with the knife, and the young officer is only wounded. Mad with rage at the failure of this attempt, Manette resumes her male attire, and determines herself to stab her rival. But she has only half time to commit the crime when justice is on her track. A detective, who had been ardently in love with Manette, but who was unaware of her metamorphoses, succeeds in capturing the 'Petit Auguste.' The moment he has secured his prisoner the wretched man discovers that it is the girl he loves whom he has in his hands. But his sense of duty is stronger than the promptings of passion; he delivers Manette up to justice, and she escapes the scaffold by taking her own life."

HENRY PAKENHAM, impersonator of Irish character, and representative of the principal character in the pantomime at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Glasgow, Scotland, died from congestion of the lungs, consequent on the burning of a blood-vessel, Jan 30.

M. DUMAS is dramatizing his father's novel "Joseph Balsamo."

THE THEATRICAL EVENT in London, Eng., since our previous advices was the revival of the late T. W. Robertson's comedy of "Home" at the Haymarket, Jan. 30, succeeding "Our American Cousin," which had reached its one hundredth performance, and was to be thereafter presented at the matinees. E. A. Sothern sustained the principal part, his son Lytton entered on his first engagement in the metropolis, in the character of Bertie Thompson, Miss Linda Dietz was the Dora Thornhaugh, and Miss Minnie Walton the Lucy Dorrison. The comedy was preceded by a new comedietta, in one act, taken from the French by C. M. Rae, and called "A Fair Encounter." It embraces but two characters, viz., Mrs. Celia Grenville and Lady Clara St. John. The scene is Lady Clara's boudoir. Mrs. Grenville is a young lady of somewhat eccentric tastes, and with a partiality for playing pranks. She has a brother who, according to her account, divides his time between love and billiards. He has been enthusiastic in praise of the Lady Clara, and has declared his intention to marry her. Mrs. Grenville, determined to ascertain the character of her proposed sister-in-law, introduces herself as an applicant for the vacant post of lady's maid, and is accepted. She is soon afterwards discovered by her "mistress" playing the pianoforte, singing French songs, and talking Italian. Lady Clara "smells a rat," and her suspicions are soon verified by the receipt of a note from Mr. Grenville making her acquainted with the plot which is in progress. The pseudo lady's maid takes in this note and recognizes her husband's handwriting. Her curiosity to know something of its contents is unbounded, and she resorts to the most extravagant means to accomplish her purpose. She has made the Lady Clara jealous by a forged story of the ring she wears, and which bears her brother's crest. Now it is Lady Clara's turn, and the poor little practical-joking wife is terribly distracted as she reflects on what she supposes is her husband's perfidy. Her "mistress" is resolved to punish her for her impertinence.

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Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $5.00 in advance.
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Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 50 cents per line.
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor
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Permanent address and Winter Quarters, Springbrook Farm, Janesville, Wis. Will take the road May 1, with new outfit, complete; 25 Cages of Animals, New Tents, Golden Band Chariot and Tableau Car. Privileges all disposed of.
FOR SALE,
One 60, one 75 and one 110ft., round-tops; complete. Used one season. 48 3t*

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MILES ORTON HAS AGAIN secured all the privileges with the Burr Robbins Show, this being the third season with the same concern. 48-1t*

TO MANAGERS.—TWO YOUNG MEN, with four years' experience in amateur dramatics, want an engagement with a traveling troupe or an established theatre, one second old man, the other juvenile, both doing character business. Salary not so much an object as a chance to work up in the profession. Address CARLOS ROW, Boston, P. O., Mass. 48-1t*

THE LEOTARDS, FRANK AND WILLIE, the young aerial midgets; MASTER FRANK, the only Boy Iron Jaw Artist in America, now open for engagements for the variety or tenting season. Biz.: Aerial Sports, Flying Rings, Iron Jaw Act, Flying Trapeze, 100lb. Stone Breaking Act and feats of strength. Managers address FRANK LEOTARD, care of CLIPPER office. 48-1t*

CHARLES H. SCOTT,
ADVANCE AGENT,
can be engaged by reliable companies only. Address care C. H. RAINFORTH, Poland, Herkimer Co., N. Y. 48-1t*

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AFTER MARCH 25.
Address E. BROOKS,
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48-1t* 125 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

FRED BLITZ, LONDON PUNCH and Judy performer, is at liberty for the season of 75, with paintings. Address Fred Blitz, Factory st., Elmira, N. Y. 48-1t*

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SONG-AND-DANCE
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GROTESQUE
SPECIALTY ARTISTS,
having played a successful engagement of
TWENTY-SIX WEEKS
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PALMER'S
SPECTACULAR ORGANIZATION,
now playing in South America, will shortly return to New York, and sail for Europe. 48-1t*

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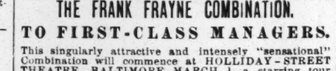

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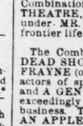
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